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Original Poetry.

NATURE'S LESSONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The simple flower in the forest glade,
Looks up from its lowly bed,
And envieth not the grand old oak,
But boweth its modest head;
And fragrance breathes from its chaliced cup,
A votive offering made
To the monarch tree that breaketh the storm,
With its canopy of shade.

The purling rill, as it wendeth its way,
Right merrily sings and clear,
Though a mighty stream, with its rushing tide,
Hoarse murmureth ever near;
And their mingling waters at last glide on,
Onward through highland and lea,
Placidly, peacefully forming but one,
Till lost in the surging sea.

The pearl-like moon, with her starry train,
Hangs out o'er the "Deep of Night,"
Oft turning to earth a radiant face,
She wheels in her endless flight,
And coveteth not the radiance broad
Of the regal Orb of Day,
Though no beam hath she, that she oweth not
To him of the golden ray.

Yes, true and good are the lessons taught
By Nature in all around,
Whispering low through the many-voiced air,
And up from the teeming ground
Would the heart of man but con aright,
Its ever open page,
'Twould herald the break of a brighter day—
The dawn of a better age.

The rich would their iron-bound coffers unlock,
To the hungry, weary and cold,
And nevermore hoard with miserly hand
Their heaps of glittering gold.
The poor would then gaze on the chalice of wealth,
Nor wish for then were the draught—
Thus banished for aye from all classes and ranks,
Would be envy's venomous shaft.

Yes, true and good are the lessons taught
By Nature in all around,
Whispering low, through the many-voiced air,
And up from the teeming ground.
But the ear of man, not tuned aright,
Is deaf, oh, how deaf to the sound!

ADELE.

Original Novelet.

THE MINISTER'S CHOICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

"Give me more love, or more disdain;
The torrid, or the frozen zone,
Brings equal ease unto my pain,
The temperate affords me none;
Either extreme of love or hate
Is sweeter than a calm estate."
—Thomas Carew.

A few weeks after her betrothal, Elinor returned to her home, bearing a letter from Mr. Ellsworth, respectfully soliciting the paternal sanction to their engagement. Elinor was not sorry to be thus spared the necessity of making an oral announcement of the matter to her father. Not that Major Campbell was at all in the line of those terrible, ogre-ish papas whom novel writers usually delight to depict—monsters of paternal tyranny, who take a fiendish pleasure in troubling, turning and damming (be careful, Mr. Compositor, not to insinuate an a into that word,) "the course of true love," that it may never, under any circumstances, "run smooth." Though a man of strong prejudices, and a proud, quick spirit, he was by no means rigorous, harsh or obstinate. There was a soldierly sternness about him at some times, and a brusque, country-squirish hilarity at others, which alike did injustice to a heart of almost womanly tenderness, and the finest gentlemanly instincts. Elinor did not fear any unreasonable opposition to her choice, but she knew that her father loved her, with a proud, peculiar affection, and she could not expect him to part with her without regret and some misgivings, to a stranger, whose name he had scarcely heard. She so shrank from paining his loving heart, that she delayed for several days to give him Mr. Ellsworth's letter—but at length, her conscience troubling her for her concealment, she put it into his hand, as she gave him her good-night kiss, on retiring—begging him, in a whisper, not to open it until he should be quite alone.

She soon heard him enter his chamber, which adjoined her own; she listened at a closed door which was between them, to his every step and movement. She heard him seat himself at his writing-table, and hastily open the letter. She heard the nervous rustle of the paper as he read—she even heard the deep sigh with which he finished the reading, and the heavy sinking of his head upon the table before him. Then all was silent for several minutes, and Elinor knew that her father, a man at times irreverent in his wit, and profane in his passion, was now praying, for her and for himself, and her own knee instinctively bent, and her own lips moved in fervent supplication for the Divine blessing and guidance.

For more than an hour, Elinor lay awake listening to her father's step, as he walked slowly up and down his chamber, and thinking of all his love and care for her in the past.—Most vividly she remembered a weary, painful illness of her childhood, when it was supposed that she was "sick unto death," with a contagious and repulsive disease, and when her father, then a gallant young officer, never left her side, day nor night, till all danger was past; and now she wondered if the husband she had chosen would ever be so tender, so devoted and faithful. Then she thought of his love for her mother, and how unselfish and chivalrously constant it was; how it had finally led him to sacrifice his profession of arms, to meet her wishes for a quiet, domestic life. Then she shuddered again with the shock of that mother's death, and with the memory of the terrible tempest of grief which swept over and prostrated her poor father. Then she remembered her mother's fond and proud affection for him, and the peculiar tenderness of look and tone with which she always addressed him, and how her liquid utterance seemed to steep his bluff, honest name in sweetness indescribable. He was never "Mr. Campbell," or "Major," or "husband," or "papa," to her, but always "dear Harry,"—always the lover of her happy girlhood. Now, Elinor wondered if she could ever, ever call Mr. Ellsworth "dear Charles,"—and so remembering and wondering, she fell asleep, soon after the footsteps in the next room had ceased, and she had heard her father fling himself wearily upon his bed.

The next morning, when Elinor descended to the breakfast-room, she found her father already there. He was alone, and standing before a portrait of her mother, looking at it with a sort of sad questioning in his pleasant blue eyes, which were glistening with unshed tears. As Elinor stole to his side, he bestowed his good-morning kiss with unusual tenderness, but said nothing of the letter she had given him the night previous. As she was making tea, however, he invited her to accompany him immediately after breakfast on a ride among the hills. Elinor consented willingly, but with a conscious blush so vivid that Julia, her younger sister, noticed it, and younger-sister-like, questioned her as to its cause; which, of course, made the poor girl feel vastly more comfortable.

For more than a mile, Major Campbell rode beside his daughter in perfect silence; his frank, open face wearing an absent, perplexed expression most unusual with him. At last, rousing himself by an evident effort, he exclaimed, with rather a rueful tone and look,

"I'm sorry, Nell, that the man is a parson."

"Why so, dear papa?" asked Elinor, with a pleasant smile.

"Why, because, with profound respect for the ministerial calling, I must own to having a sort of Tony-Wellerish distrust of preachers in general, because I have found so few of them really manly and whole-souled, and brave in thought and word. Because I see so few really faithful in example, counsel and rebuke. For the miserable Jews of eighteen hundred years ago, or the Catholic persecutors of the sixteenth century, they uncork the vials of Divine wrath with a free hand; but on the bold transgressors and sleek sinners of to-day—men who have attained to wealth and high places through cruel and dishonest means—real betrayers and deniers of Christ, and persecutors of His peculiar children, the poor—on these they sprinkle a gentle rain of brotherly reproof and admonition—administering the needful brimstone prescribed by the Doctors of the Church, cleverly disguised in treacle. Because they are so often hypocritical and pretentious;—I can tell a preacher of this sort as far as I can see him; not only by the badge of his white cravat, but by the pompous pose of his hat, and a certain sanctimonious swing to his coat-tails. And then, to my eye, there is something affected and womanish in all varieties of clerical robes—the long, white surplice especially. By George! I'd put on petticoats and have done with it! There is another class of preachers, principally to be found among the Methodists, for whom I have far more respect. These are, like the Apostles of old, wanderers from place to place—they are often illiterate, and always poor, but honest and earnest men—terribly earnest, indeed; speaking what they believe to be the truth, and the whole truth; thundering into ears polite the names of a place and a personage which should be unmentionable, and making the sleek hair of well-to-do sinners to stand on end with fear of the wrath to come. But I cannot suppose that the Rector of the aristocratic church of St. James is one of these."

"No, father," answered Elinor, with a confident smile, "he is neither a Tartufe, a Stiggings, nor a Whitfield. There is no pretension, no pomposity, and no cant about Mr. Ellsworth; he is neither bigoted nor fanatical; he is not even so much of an enthusiast as I wish he were," she added, with a sigh.

"Ellsworth," said Major Campbell; "it is a New England name, I think. I have never heard much of him; he cannot be very famous, even in his own line."

"No, he has not distinguished himself greatly as yet, though his talent is unquestionable."

"And he frankly owns in his letter to me—I like that in him—that he has no fortune, and his salary is not large. Poor, undistinguished, a preacher—a Yankee!—what could have been the attraction for a gay, sensible, high-spirited girl like you, Nell? Is the man handsome?"

"He is accounted so; and, indeed," she added, with a blush, "I think that he has the most classically beautiful face and form I have ever seen."

"Aha! I see—you are all alike, you women—always hooked in the eye. And so he's a sort of clerical Antinous, this future son-in-law of mine. I distrust your handsome men!"

"It is well for me, that my mother did not share your prejudice," answered Elinor, with an arch smile.

The Major feigned not to take this sly compliment to a personal beauty still remarkable, though somewhat on the wane—but continued in a mollified tone—

"I suppose I am captious and unreasonable in my objections, but, the truth is, there is but one man I have ever known that I could right heartily welcome into my family, as your husband; and that is Malcolm Bruce. He is a fine, frank, manly and gentlemanly fellow, with brave, honest, Highland blood in his veins,—in short, he is a laddie after my own heart."

"Yes, papa, but not *after mine*," replied Elinor, with a faint attempt at a pleasantry,—"I am sure he cares nothing for me, except as an ordinary friend; and perhaps it is best so, for I do not think we are very well suited to one another."

"Yet it might have been otherwise, if you had played your cards differently," the Major replied, rather brusquely.

"But, papa, I played no game—essayed no management—why should I have done so?" said Elinor, proudly. "If Malcolm Bruce was inclined to love me, he was surely free to do so."

"Well, well, you certainly worked against yourself, consciously or unconsciously, by your coldness, your caprices and your absurd, duchess-like airs. I never meddle, nor make with such matters, but now that it is all past, I must tell you frankly that I think your behaviour toward that poor boy, most of the time for the last two years, has been unbearable. I have seen Bruce on horseback clear a gully, eighteen feet broad and thirty feet deep—and perform all sorts of daring and dashing exploits in our mountain hunts, but, I must confess, that had I seen him wooing you in one of your savage moods, my opinion of his courage would have been vastly heightened."

Tears of vexation and wounded feeling sprung to Elinor's eyes at these hard though playfully spoken remarks,—she bit her lip and forced them back, but there was a little tremor in her voice, as she replied—

"If he had ever *wooed*, father, there might have been no savageness, no haughtiness even, in my words or manner;—but he was always so assured, so indifferent—I was annoyed, stung, angered by it. If he cared nothing for me, he surely need not have taken such pains to convince me of it. His manner might have had more friendly warmth and chivalric deference without my presuming upon it. I could not endure his smiling ease, his imperturbable coolness."

"All put on, I believe in my heart, Nell,—indeed, to tell the truth, I *know* so; for on that shooting party, the day before Bruce left, while we were alone, for a half hour or so, he took occasion to sound me in regard to your feelings toward him. Take care there, Elinor, you'll infuriate that horse if you bear so savagely on the curb! After all I had observed and heard you say, I really could not, in conscience, give the poor fellow any encouragement, though I told him, as I have told you, that there was no man, in the world I would rather receive as a son. Ah, well! it may yet come about—who knows? Our Julia is growing up into a pretty, high-spirited girl—rather too thoughtless and giddy—poor, motherless child!—but a fine, generous creature at heart."

"Oh, Julia is not at all suited to him!" exclaimed Elinor quickly, with a strange, undefined thrill of alarm and jealousy.

"Well, daughter, we'll not discuss that question—but return to your minister. When is the strange Shepherd to take my pet lamb into his dull fold? In other words, when is the wedding to come off?"

"Not until the first of October," answered Elinor, in a low tone.

"I am glad of that—it gives us time to prepare our minds for the dread, inevitable event. But here we are at the gate. Why, my child," he added as he assisted her to dismount, "you look sad and perplexed. Have I troubled you with my rough jesting? Believe me, it never was farther from my heart to give you pain."

Elinor smiled and pressed her father's hand tenderly for answer, and then ran hastily up stairs. When she reached her chamber, she flung her plumed hat aside, and sinking into a chair, wept, in a slow, desponding, weary way, she scarcely knew why.

She was roused by a pert little tap at the door. It was Julia. The post had come in—"and brought a letter for *somebody*." The missive was not visible, as Julia held it behind her, expecting her sister to question, entreat, or struggle for it. But Elinor stood still, quietly waiting, till Julia somewhat taken aback by her calmness, reluctantly resigned the letter into her hands, and left her alone.

Then Elinor sat down to the reading of the first real *love-letter* she had ever received—of the first letter from her betrothed husband. Slowly and quietly she read from the opening to the close, and then with a sigh, let it fall into her lap. Oh, how unlike all she had dreamed of such a moment, in her early romantic days. Where was the quick flash of the eager eyes along the lines?—the proud heave of the heart under its new weight of Love's exhaustless riches?—where that delicious, child-like joy in the sudden flowering of the most marvelous and perfect bloom of the heart?—where were those strange, sweet thrills, half fear, half rapture, responding to the power and mystery of passion, as wave after wave, it swept over the soul?

She was shocked at her own statue-like quiet—she caught the letter to her bosom—she pressed it close against her heart, that it might impart to it a magnetic life and warmth. Alas, the letter, though breathing very "noble sentiments," and sparkling with graceful fancies, was wanting in the soul of faith and truth, and in the heart-heat of a genuine passion.

Our heroine's return home—the reasserted power of old scenes and associations—the morning's conversation with her father—above all, separation from her lover, had strangely chilled the current of her feelings;—but she had hoped that the love-words of that letter would beat down upon her heart with the gentle violence of a warm spring rain, melt away the last ice of doubt and fear, and call forth the fervid blooms of hope and joy. They came rather like snow-flakes, falling lightly and softly, but folding that heart in a heavier chill, and a more wintry gloom than before.

But with much reproving and schooling of herself for her romantic, girlish ideas, and her exacting, and misgiving spirit,—by resolute putting down of doubt and discontent, she finally regained her native, hopeful cheerfulness, and with a calm, strong heart, thrilled alone by noble resolves and a pure and tender devotion, tranquilly awaited the time when the quiet and shaded rivulet of her woman's life should mingle with a stronger, deeper tide of being, and lost in its bosom, sweep on through the wide, unshadowed fields of the world, toward the eternal sea.

CHAPTER IV.

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never;
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe,
Into, Hey nonny, nonny!" —Shakspeare.

"Better be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new."
—Old Song.

The Summer had passed—the Autumn come, and it was the close of the last day of September—the eve of Elinor's wedding day.

There was a long avenue of noble elms leading from Major Campbell's house to the highway, and here, it was Elinor's custom to walk alone at sunset, often till late into the twilight. This evening, she surprised her merry sister Julia by an invitation to accompany her. She was expecting Mr. Ellsworth, and might meet him here.

As the sisters were returning from a protracted but somewhat dull walk, in which the burden of the conversation had certainly not been borne by the bride elect, a travelling carriage came up the avenue, and overtook them. It contained Mr. Ellsworth, who, recognizing Elinor, alighted and walked by her side. This was the first time they had met since their betrothal, as Elinor had been absent during the entire Summer, making the north-west tour, and travelling in the Canadas, with her father and mother—while Mr. Ellsworth had been visiting in New England. The meeting was affectionate—but by no means rapturous. Julia opened her pretty brown eyes in artless astonishment that there were no kisses exchanged, that there was not even an interlocking of arms.

"You tremble, dear Miss Campbell," said Mr. Ellsworth, in a gentle, kindly tone—"the air is somewhat damp—had you not better wrap your shawl a little closer about you."

Elinor quietly drew up the shawl, but she knew that all the wraps in the world could not drive away that chill, which, starting from her heart, ran through every vein, and shook her usually calm voice into a broken, bashful utterance, which her lover might, and doubtless did, misinterpret. It was the tremble and the trouble of a nameless foreboding that thus agitated her. It seemed that her *angel* was silent as he approached—did not whisper to her heart—

"*This* is the man!"

But after a few moments, the old charm stole over her willing senses, like the magic of exquisite music, and subjugated her like the power of perfect art. She felt a thrill of womanly exultation in the graceful, yet eminently manly beauty of her lover—in the refined modulations of his voice, in the pride of his bearing—and she wished that he would offer her his arm, that she might lean upon it, and feel that his strength was for her help and repose—that she had in him a wise guide, and a sure defence for all life.

Major Campbell was a country gentleman, of the old school, and as such, a sturdy stickler for all the good old country customs; so it was scarcely to be wondered at that he resolved and declared that Elinor should have a good, old-fashioned, country wedding, with a grand, universal gathering of friends and neighbors, plenty of generous viands, and luscious fruits, of good wine and hot punches, fiddling and dancing, to make merry withal.

It was in vain that Elinor, in behalf of her clerical lover, remonstrated against the indecorum of such a proceeding—the Major's will was up, and he would not listen to a word of objection, even from her. So invitations were sent out, far and near, and preparations for entertainment made on the most prodigal scale.

The wedding-night had come. The weather was fair, and the air balmy, the heavens clear and bright, and all went well, and merrily on. The rambling old country house of the Campbells was alive in every wing and angle with cheerful bustle, astir with hurrying feet, the rustle of silk, and the soft flutter of white muslin, and radiant with gorgeous flowers, bright-eyed, blooming girls, and innumerable lights. Out through the unblinded windows streamed the festive brightness—far out into the dark, tangled shrubbery of the garden, where the leaves and flowers seemed dancing because of it, and the zephyrs to have wakened to frolic in its beams—naughty inconstants, those zephyrs—coquetting with all the marriageable roses, till their wings were perfumed with the sighs of their victims—snatching kisses from the shy violets—even whispering their light flatteries into the cold ear of the nun-like lily, standing apart, in saintly contemplation, gazing at the star of her worship.

Even the humming-bird, disturbed in her domestic repose amid the lilacs, by the strange light, chirped cheerfully to her mate, remembering her own wedding in the pleasant spring-time, and the happy honey-moon which followed.

The guests were fast arriving. Up the long avenue they came, in carriages and on horseback—rattling and galloping, chatting and laughing more and more merrily as they neared the fine old mansion, every open window of which seemed sparkling and blinking with a jovial hospitality.

Major Campbell stood at the great hall door, shaking every guest heartily by the hand—now and then saluting the youngest and prettiest ladies in a manner somewhat more tender and paternal—a proceeding which on such an occasion could not but be taken in good part—and which, to tell the truth, was more than once responded to with an innocent readiness and apparent relish.

The bride was in her chamber, being arrayed by her maids and her kind friend, Mrs. Morris, for the altar. Her dress was a soft, creamy-hued, white satin, with a light cloud of delicate blonde floating over it. On her head was the appointed wreath of orange-blossoms—that pure, sweet coronal which should ever crown a womanhood nurtured into perfect bloom, by the tropic warmth of a fervid love. In her bosom she wore a little bouquet of natural flowers—simple violets and daisies, and sprays of white jasmin. Fanny Morris looked very much astonished when Julia told her in an awe-struck whisper that her sister had gathered them that evening "from mamma's grave."

As Elinor was arranging these flowers, a pin, or small brooch was wanted, and her second bridesmaid, Helen Bruce, suggested that she should use a little pearl cross, which lay in her jewelry-box—a pretty trinket which Malcolm had given her as a birth-day gift, long ago.

"No, no, not that!" exclaimed Elinor, quickly motioning it away.

"I think poor Malcolm would be pleased to know that you wore his gift on your wedding-night," said Helen, timidly.

"Do you really think so? Then I will wear it, certainly," said Elinor, fitting it in her bosom with a pleasant smile.

Elinor was to wear her mother's bridal veil. She kissed it as she took it out of the box, where it had lain ever since that mother's hands had placed it there. It was of costly, antique lace, and when fastened upon her head, fell about her in rich, royal folds, peculiarly suited to her tall, stately figure.

Elinor was very beautiful that night; pale and calm, with a brave, yet sweet serenity of face, and with a dewy tenderness in her eyes—not bright enough for smiles, and not sad enough for tears.

The bridegroom was in his chamber, putting the last artistic touches to his elegant toilet before a large swinging mirror—with the aid of his sable valet, Tony.

At length, all was finished—the bridegroom stood resplendent in a new black suit, of exquisite fineness, in white satin neckcloth, white brocade waistcoat, white coat-facings and white kids. No—one thing more. A superfine white cambric handkerchief is taken from a box on the toilet-table, perfumed with "*Extraite de Rose*," and thrust into the coat-pocket.

"Now, you may go, Tony!"

But Tony did not move. A thought seemed suddenly to strike him—he plunged his hand into the depths of the pocket of his own "long-tailed blue," and brought up a crumpled letter, which he extended to his master, stammering out—

"Oh, Massa Charles—I begs pardon—'deed I do—I'se mighty sorry, 'deed I is—for I teetotally forgot to deliver dis letter dat I took out ob de office, de day we leff de city. I 'spect it am from one ob de fair sec'—de paper and de writing being so mighty nice—which moreober explains why I hab been smelling muskrats, ebery now and den, since I hab de honor to carry it in my pocket."

Ellsworth saw the garrulous Tony out of the room, and locked the door before he opened the letter, which he did with a blanched cheek and an unsteady hand, for he had noted instantly the post-mark—"*New Orleans*."

It was from Estelle Le Grange—written in haste, in agitation, and more than commonly broken English, but as it revealed some heart, such as it was, it is perhaps worth our giving here. It ran thus, without any address prefixed:—

"*Mon Dieu!* what do I hear? You will marry another—you have all forgotten Estelle! But, no—you cannot love *her* as you loved me—*c'est impossible*. I have read in your eyes a passion immortal—it can perish never. It is true I have rejected you, driven you far away, but I have no happiness of life after that time any more. Your beautiful eyes have looked too deep down in my heart—they make so great a trouble there I cannot laugh it and I cannot dance it away—ah! they haunt me, those beautiful eyes! *J'ai beaucoup pleuré*—I have weeped much, and my eyes—*les yeux noirs*, you have so much praised, shine not brightly any longer. Ah, *mon ami*, my poor heart, it is breaking, every day!

"*Mon pere est mort*—my papa is dead—I am free—I am rich and—*je vous aime!*—I cannot write it in English, for my blushes—I cannot say more for my tears—*je vous aime*.

"ESTELLE."

For several minutes after the reading of this letter, Ellsworth remained like one thunderstruck—silent, immovable, almost breathless. Then he sprang suddenly to his feet, and began walking his chamber with a hurried, unsteady step—striking his forehead, muttering and exclaiming to himself, in a pitiable state of agitation and bewilderment, as his brain caught again the swift whirl, and his heart again struggled vainly with the rapids of the mad passion which had once swept away his manhood.

At last, he seemed to have taken an important resolution, for he suddenly left his chamber, crossed the hall, and knocked at Elinor's door. It was opened by one of the smiling bridesmaids, whose smiles quickly fled at sight of the paleness of his face and the weak tremor of his lips, as in a tone of ill-assumed calmness, he asked—

"Can I see Miss Campbell for a few minutes, *alone*."

Permission was immediately accorded—the bridesmaids and Fanny Morris flitted half-frightened from the room, and stole wondering and whispering, down the hall—and Ellsworth stood alone with his betrothed.

Elinor turned to greet him with a little look of wonderment and questioning in her thoughtful eyes, and some unwonted and unconscious pride of mien—a subdued womanly exultation in her own beauty, for she knew that her lover had never seen her to such advantage as he would see her at that moment.

As she advanced a step or two to meet him, in her pure bridal array, with a soft glow upon her cheek, a smile half proud, half shy upon her lips, with that dewy light of tender thought in her welcoming eyes—and, for the first time, called him "Charles!" she seemed to him such an angelic vision of sweetness and purity, that he could scarcely forbear falling at her feet, grasping her robe, and crying—"Save, or I perish!"

For a moment he remained mute and irresolute—more than half inclined to invent some excuse for his intrusion, retreat to his chamber, and let matters take their course. Then there floated up before him the beautiful, bewildering vision of Estelle, and again his soul sank down powerless, entangled in the strong unholy spell with which she had glamoured him.

With quivering lips and averted eyes, he stammered—

"Elinor—Miss Campbell—there is something about which I should have spoken to you before our engagement, had I not believed in my soul, it was all over—forever. I was mistaken—I—I fear I have not quite known my own heart. This evening, within this very hour, I have received a letter from—one who,—but perhaps I had best relate from the beginning, a story, which I confess should have been told to you long ago."

He then gave Elinor a hurried and somewhat confused history of his acquaintance with Estelle—his love, his offer, and the unlooked-for rejection which he had received. Elinor listened calmly, speaking only twice during the narrative, then merely saying—"Go on!" when he paused in agitation or embarrassment. The only signs of emotion which she betrayed, were alternate flushings and palings of the cheek, and a slightly quickened breathing.

Ellsworth, who was looking to witness a passionate outburst of grief, or a storm of outraged pride, was astonished, almost frightened at this strange calm; and for a moment after he had finished the unhappy history of his infatuation, stood looking at her in mute amazement. Then standing still and upright before him, with eyes that searched his inmost soul, she asked in clear, icy tones—

"Do you love that woman still?"

He bowed his face in his hands, and for the moment bent before her, as he answered,

"God only knows! I *did* love her, deeply, madly—but I have long struggled against my unworthy and unhappy passion, and since I have known you, I have believed that it had perished, and a nobler sentiment sprung up in its place. But ah, the roots of a first passion strike deep in the heart! I am bewildered—distracted by that passionate, incoherent letter from a woman who has rejected me—who flung my proud, true love aside, as carelessly, it seemed, as she could have flung away a flower, that had withered in her hands! I am humiliated inexpressibly that her words of tardy tenderness have power to shake me thus. I feel that this is a baleful spell, an evil temptation to which I should not yield."

"What, then, do you propose to do?" asked Elinor, still in a cold, measured tone.

"To fulfil my engagement with you. My honor is pledged—nor can I be so heartless as to forsake you now. I feel that it is best for *me*, also, that I should cling to this love, and tear myself from the other. I only ask that our wedding may be postponed for a short time—a few weeks—until my strength, my calmness, my *reason* comes back to me. Will you grant this, in pity to me, Elinor?"

"Yes, it shall be postponed for weeks, for months, for years, *forever!*"

"Nay, nay, I do not ask that! I would not have it so," exclaimed Ellsworth, starting forward, and attempting to take Elinor's hand. But she waved him back, as she said,

"Not for my life—not for the lives of us both, would I marry you *now!* You should have told me this before," she continued, after a momentary pause; "yet, God knows *I* am not the one to reproach you. Let us both thank Him, that the disclosure has come in time to save us both from utter wretchedness. I do not say marry Miss Le Grange—you may not have loved wisely. May the all-wise One instruct you how to act! but we two must part—at once—and for always. Do not think of me—do not delay a moment, but *go!*"

But Ellsworth stood still. A strange revulsion had come over him. He had been roused by Elinor's noble dignity, and stung by her coldness into something more like passion than he had ever before known for her. If she had flung herself, weeping, at his feet, or burst upon him with a torrent of reproaches, he would have felt more like flying from her. Now, he only realized the pricelessness of the pearl he had flung away; and an eager desire sprung up in his heart to regain it.

"Elinor, *dear* Elinor!" he began, clasping his hands, and bending toward her in tender entreaty—when there came a quick, impatient rap at the door.

Elinor opened to her sister Julia, who whispered quite audibly—

"Are you not ready, Elinor? It is half an hour after the time set for the ceremony, and papa is getting very impatient. He has just been to Mr. Ellsworth's room, and I have been obliged to tell him that he is here. And papa frowned, as though he thought it rather strange."

"Well, never mind, I will explain all to him; and dear, please go away, and keep others away for a few minutes longer, and all will be well," replied Elinor, in a tone so tranquil as to calm the vague fears of the pretty maid, who tripped lightly back to her chamber.

Then Elinor closing the door, hastily crossed the room and opened another, exclaiming to Ellsworth as she did so—

"You must fly instantly! Here is a private stairway, leading down to the garden—from there you can easily make your way to the stable—take the first horse you find, and ride to the next village, where you can take the coach for R——, in the morning. Your servant and baggage shall be sent after you. There—that is my father's step! If you stay to confront him, it is at the peril of your life—go!"

And he went. One moment he paused on the landing, for some word or action of farewell. But she stood quite still, with her head held proudly up, her lips firmly compressed, and her steady, unfathomable eyes fixed upon him, yet looking as though they saw him not. With one hand she held a lamp, to light him down the steps, with the other she held back her long, bridal veil. Murmuring some hurried words of regret and adieu—he passed her—pulled his hat over his eyes—ran quickly, but softly down the stairs into the garden, and was gone!

Elinor closed the door, and staggered to her dressing-table, where, setting down the lamp, she began to unfasten the bridal veil from her head. As she did so, tears of wounded pride and wasted affection, sprung to her eyes. But she sternly dashed them away, knowing that the time for weeping had not yet come.

Major Campbell's knock and voice imperiously demanding admittance, were at the door; but Elinor stood silent and immoveable, listening intently till she heard the fast galloping of a horse going down the avenue. Then she opened the door, and, drawing her father in, closed, locked it, and stood before it.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Major, struck by the marble-like whiteness and rigidity of her face—"what does all this mean?—Where's Ellsworth?"

"Gone!"

"Good God!—gone where?"

"Back to R——. We are to have no wedding, father. Mr. Ellsworth found at the last moment, that he did not love me, as he had thought he did,—and that he loved another better, at least more *passionately*;—and I let him—I *bade* him go. Surely your child could not have done otherwise. But where are you going?"

"After the infernal villain! That must have been he, I heard galloping down the avenue, not ten minutes ago—a coward, as well as a knave—I'll have him yet! I'll rouse our friends—we'll mount and chase him down—*shoot* him down—like the miserable thief that he is! Stand aside, Elinor, and let me pass, to revenge the vile insult put upon you, upon me—upon all of us!"

"No, father," said Elinor firmly, still standing against the locked door, "you must not do it."

"Do you know what you are saying?" he replied, drawing himself up, angrily, "'*Must not*—to me!'"

"Yes, father, I know, and I repeat—you *must not do it!*—unless," she added, in a voice of appealing sadness, "you would quite break my heart—crush me utterly. Listen!—the fault is not wholly his; I too have erred—I see it plainly now. I did not love him at the first as I should have loved my betrothed husband, and though of late, he has grown more dear to me, yet, in my soul, I think it is best, every way best, that we part. And now, father, help me to meet the consequences of my mistake and his, without humiliation and without dismay. Believe me, I know what is best to be done to vindicate my own womanly dignity. Put away your vengeful thoughts—yield to me, this once—I entreat you! No, no, dear father, do not thrust me away!—do not turn your face from me!—be guided by me, this night; *I ask it for dear, dead mother's sake.*"

That appeal acted on the incensed man like a holy spell. He turned, bowed his head on his daughter's shoulder, and burst into tears of mingled grief and anger, while his strong frame shook with the storm of contending passions which convulsed his heart. Elinor laid back the locks from her father's forehead—thick and glossy they still were, but grey ever since her mother's death—and kissed him tenderly—she, the comforter, instead of the comforted.

At length he raised his head, dashed the tears almost fiercely from his eyes, and said, half sadly, half querulously,

"You knew, Elinor, that I could not resist *that* appeal, and it was hardly fair in you to make it. Well, I will do as you direct now, but mind, I make no promises for the future. Let that black-coated villain cross my path again at his peril! And now, what is it that I must do, Commander?"

"Simply hand me down to the drawing-room. I will myself make the necessary explanation to our friends. But first, call brother Fred, and tell him, as briefly as possible, what has happened. I must have a promise from you both, not to use violent language before our guests—nor to encourage idle questioning, or animadversions upon Mr. Ellsworth's conduct, from them. The party must go on as nearly as possible as though nothing unusual or painful had occurred."

Fred Campbell was summoned and came at once. As he entered the room in a hurried and flurried way, and with a face expressive of much wonderment and some alarm, Elinor retreated to a little boudoir, and closed the door—leaving her father to break the strange tidings to the proud and somewhat hot-blooded youth. As it was, a quick volley of sharp-toned expletives, and a booming oath or two reached her ears.

As soon as she supposed that the first fury of the storm was past, she re-entered her chamber, and added her loving entreaties to her father's dogged commands that he should be directed by her what course to pursue under the present circumstances of humiliation and embarrassment.

A wondering, impatient company, had been waiting in the large drawing-room for more than an hour, when Elinor entered, leaning on the arm of her father, and accompanied only by her bridesmaids. She had taken off her bridal-veil,—she had laid aside her wreath of orange-blossoms, but one rich, royal rose, which she had hastily snatched from a vase on her table, blushed amid the dark waves of her hair, and imparted a little glow of festal brightness to her white, statue-like figure.

She was very pale at first, but, as she felt concentrated upon her the gaze of hundreds of questioning, astonished eyes, a vivid color kindled in her cheeks and lips. With her head borne proudly, but not defiantly, and with grave, untroubled eyes, she faced them all bravely, saying in a voice, but slightly shaken by the wild throbbing of her heart:—

"Dear friends and neighbors, I have to announce to you that there is to be no wedding to-night. Mr. Ellsworth, who was to have been the bridegroom, received at almost the last moment, a letter, which was the means of convincing him that his heart was not truly in this marriage. You will not censure me, I am sure, that I dismissed him at once; and not knowing all the circumstances, you should not censure him, that he has gone. Rather thank God with us both that the conviction did not come too late to save us from that misery of miseries, an unhappy marriage!

"And now," she added, after a slight pause, "if you indeed love us, kind friends, you will not break up this party, in dissatisfaction and dismay. You came for an evening of innocent enjoyment, in social intercourse—in feasting, music and dancing. Let all these things go on as they were planned. Father, if you please, we two will open the ball."

Through a lane of guests, speechless with astonishment, the bewildered but obedient host led his daughter to the ball-room,—she calmly smiling, and bowing now and then slightly to friends on the right and left, as they passed on.

They took their places for a quadrille, and a set was soon formed, containing the bridesmaids and groomsmen that were to have been. Then other sets were quickly formed, and the dancing commenced, to the inspiring strains of an admirable little band of self-taught Ethiopian musicians.

Elinor swam through the dance with a stately grace peculiar to herself, and with a noble dignity and sweetness of demeanor that at once impressed and touched every heart. No supercilious smile, no whispered impertinence followed her steps, but looks of wondering pleasure, and murmured tributes of admiration and respect.

She danced with many of her friends, and sung several light songs, in complaisance, not for distraction; for the secret burden of sadness and humiliation was not to be whirled from her heart in the swift dance, nor was the sudden chill and shadow which had fallen on her glowing and sunny spirit, to be charmed away by mirthful music.

None of her guests presumed to make any allusion to what had happened, except her friend and confidant, Fanny Morris; who stole to her side soon after the close of the first dance, and whispered,

"I am glad of it, Nell, I am heartily glad of it. I have had my doubts all along. He was too handsome a man to have made a good husband. His face always seemed to me too calm and classic, and at the same time too irresolute in expression. Now I admire a thousand times more such a face as my Frank's—with the impress of an honest soul stamped roughly upon it—striking all the beauty *in*."

Elinor smiled at her friend's earnestness and wifely complacency, but bitterly she felt in her heart, that her words were true;—and as she glanced across the ball-room, to where Frank stood, his plain, cordial, *reliable* face was, for the first time, actually handsome in her eyes.

Major Campbell and his son followed Elinor's lead to admiration, but to a close observer, gave evidence of a much less gentle and Christian spirit. There was in each an affectation of carelessness and hilarity, yet an incoherence of speech, a stern compression of the lips, and a dull fire in the eye—a manner half defiant, half defensive, which said plainly enough to even the best of their friends—"Let any man dare to speak to me about this affair, and I'll knock him down!"

At supper the party became really unconstrained and merry, in spite of the strange and unpleasant *contre-temps* with which the evening began. As the wine circulated, and jokes and jests and hearty toasts went round, Elinor, who sat opposite her father, thought that she saw symptoms of an outburst of the long pent-up passion.

"Health and long life to *Miss Campbell*," with decided emphasis on the name, was proposed by some bold friend of the family, and drunk with all the honors; when Major Campbell sprang to his feet, and, instead of responding to the toast on Elinor's behalf, as was expected, exclaimed, with a look of intense excitement—

"Now, *gentlemen*, fill your glasses with good brandy-punch, stiff and piping hot! I am going to give you my sentiment: Here's confusion and distraction to all false-hearted, sneaking par—" Here he caught his daughter Elinor's reproachful, entreating eyes—paused, stammered, and then, with a brightened look, continued—"to all sneaking party hacks and political flunkies!"

This sentiment was received with enthusiasm, though its point and relevancy were not very apparent.

For the remainder of the evening, the gallant Major constrained himself, and nobly redeemed the pledge he had given. He felt immeasurably relieved, however, when the last guest departed, and not a little proud that his demeanor had been such that no word of idle inquiry, or what he would have considered more unpardonable—*sympathy*, had been addressed to him.

Elinor was deeply grateful for his consideration of her. Tender and lingering was her good-night kiss, and cheerful were her good-night words, as she parted from him at the door of her chamber.

But when that door was closed, and she was alone in that bright, festive room, with all its bridal decorations of flowers and ribbons, and snowy drapery—its white desolation so smote upon her heart, that she sunk helplessly upon a couch, and gave way to a fit of passionate, convulsive weeping. Lower and lower she crouched, shrinking shudderingly away from her bitter and stinging recollections—while her regal, heroic womanhood seemed melting away in the abundant flow of those weak, girlish tears.

At last she roused herself and began to move wearily about the room. On her table lay the wedding-wreath and veil which she had taken from her head. The wreath she flung hastily, almost fiercely aside, but she folded the veil with reverent care, and laid it away, with the sacred flowers which had withered on her bosom. Then she extinguished the lamps, which were flaring into the dawn, and in the waning light of the stars, knelt at her bedside, and repeated a simple prayer which her mother had taught her in her childhood, and which she had never failed to repeat before sleeping; for, she said, prayer, with her, was always the timid, child-like asking of the heart, not the wrestling of the spirit with God's strong angel.

Then she took off her bridal-dress, without a sigh, and laid herself quietly down—not to steep her ringlets in tears, but to sleep tranquilly, till far into the morning.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER;

OR,

THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "SHANNONDALE," "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THURSTON.

Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is not of Heaven nor earth. —Shakspeare.

After a stormy passage in life comes a long calm, preceding perhaps another storm. I must pass rapidly over several years.

Thurston was a new being. Some Christians will tell you that the new birth is the event of a moment—others, that it is the labor of years. Doubtless both speak truly of their own experiences. In some, regeneration is a slow reform—in others, it is a sudden revolution. With Thurston it was both a violent revolution and a permanent reform. The catastrophe plucked down by his own rash hand upon the head dearest to him in life—the catastrophe that had bereaved him of his idol at the very moment and by the very means he had treacherously taken to secure her—had, as by a thunder shock, roused him to a sense of what he *was*, what he *did*, and what he was fast *becoming*. His nature was revolutionized. And then ensued the wild anarchy that follows such convulsions, whether of the individual soul, or of the national commonwealth; until it settles down upon a reformed basis. In the confusion that reigned in his bosom, many clamorous voices were heard; there was bitter *grief* that would not be silent, but wailed forth lamentations forever; there was remorse that never slumbered, but groaned in deep self-reproaches and threats day and night. Hope tried to make her voice heard, and to speak of a nearly impossible fortuity. But despair silenced her by pointing out the facts.

It was after some time, and with much difficulty that the will struggled up through all this anarchy, and gained the ascendency and subdued the storm, and restored quiet and order. And then, though weary and fainting with its toils, the soul saw its way clearly to its course and end.

It was not to sit down supinely and indulge a fruitless sorrow and a remorse as selfish as his sin had been. It was to retrieve the past, to redeem his soul, and to labor for the good of others.

And how many there were to be worked for. He resolved to devote his time, talents and means, first of all to carrying on and perfecting those works of education and reform started by Marian in his own neighborhood.

But this was a very mournful consolation, for in every thought and act of the whole work, the memory of Marian was so intimately woven, that her loss was felt with double keenness. Every effort was doubly difficult; every obstacle was doubly great; every discouragement doubly hopeless, because she was not there with her very presence inspiring hope and energy—and every success was robbed of its joy, because she was not there to rejoice with him. He missed her in all things; he missed her everywhere. Solitude had fallen upon all the earth from which she had passed away. Because her face was gone, all other faces were repulsive to his sight; because her voice was silent, all other voices were discordant to his ear; because her love was impossible, all others friendships and affections were repugnant to his heart; and Thurston, young, handsome, accomplished and wealthy, became a silent and a lonely man.

The estate left by old Cloudesley Willcoxen had exceeded even the reports of his hoarded wealth. The whole estate, real and personal, was bequeathed to his eldest grandson, Thurston Willcoxen, upon the sole condition that it should not be divided.

Dell-Delight, with its natural beauties, was a home that wealth could convert into a material paradise. *Once* it had been one of Thurston's happiest dreams to adorn and beautify the matchless spot, and make it worthy of Marian, its intended mistress. *Now* he could not bear to think of those plans of home-beauty and happiness so interwoven with fond thoughts of her. So poignant were the wounds of association, that he could scarcely endure to remain in a neighborhood so filled with reminiscences of her; and he must have fled the scene, and taken refuge from memory in foreign travel, had he suffered from bereavement and sorrow *only*; but he was tortured by remorse, and remorse demands to suffer and to atone for sin. And, therefore, though it spiritually seemed like being bound to a wheel and broken by its every turn, he was true to his resolution to remain in the county and devote his time, wealth, and abilities to the completion of Marian's unfinished works of benevolence and philanthropy.

Dell-Delight remained unaltered. He could not bear to make it beautiful, since Marian could not enjoy its beauty. Only such changes were made as were absolutely necessary in organizing his little household. A distant relative, a middle aged lady of exemplary piety, but of reduced fortune, was engaged to come and preside at his table, and take charge of Miriam's education, for Miriam was established at Dell-Delight. It is true that Mrs. Waugh would have wished this arrangement otherwise. She would have preferred to have the orphan girl with herself; but Commodore Waugh would not even hear of Miriam's coming to Luckenough with any patience—"For if her mother had married Grim', none of these misfortunes would have happened," he said.

Even Jacquelina had been forced to fly from Luckenough; no one knew whither; some said that she had run away; some knew that she had retired to a convent; some said only to escape the din and turmoil of the world, and find rest to her soul in a few months or years of quiet and silence, and some said she had withdrawn for the purpose of taking the vows and becoming a nun. Mrs. Waugh knew all about it, but she said nothing except to discourage inquiry upon the subject. In the midst of the speculation following Jacquelina's disappearance, Cloudesley Mornington had come home. He staid a day or two at Luckenough, a week at Dell-Delight, and then took himself, with his broken heart, off from the neighborhood, and got ordered upon a distant and active service.

There were also other considerations that rendered it desirable for Miriam to reside at Dell-Delight, rather than at Luckenough; Commodore Waugh would have made a terrible guardian to a child so lately used to the blessedness of a *home with her mother*—and withal, so shy and sensitive as to breathe freely only in an atmosphere of peace and affection, and Luckenough would have supplied a dark and dreary home for her whose melancholy temperament and recent bereavements rendered change of scene and the companionship of other children absolute necessities. It was for these several reasons that Mrs. Waugh was forced to consent that Thurston should carry his little adopted daughter to his own home. Thurston's household consisted now of himself, Mrs. Morris, his housekeeper, Alice Morris, her daughter, Paul Douglass, his own half-brother, poor Fanny, and lastly, Miriam.

Mrs. Morris was a lady of good family, but decayed fortune, of sober years and exemplary piety. In closing her terms with Mr. Willcoxen her one great stipulation had been that "he should bring her daughter, whom she declared to be too "young and giddy" to be trusted out of her own sight, even to a good boarding school.

Mr. Willcoxen expressed himself rather pleased than otherwise at the prospect of Miriam's having a companion, and so the engagement was closed.

Alice Morris was a hearty, cordial, blooming boyden, really about ten or eleven years of age, but seeming from her fine growth and proportions at least thirteen or fourteen.

Paul Douglass was a fine, handsome, well-grown boy of fourteen, with an open, manly forehead, shaded with clustering, yellow curls, as soft and silky as a girl's, and a full, beaming, merry, blue eye, whose flashing glances were the most mirth-provoking to all upon whom they chanced to light. Paul was, and ever since his first arrival in the house had been "the life of the family." His merry laugh and shout were the pleasantest sounds in all the precincts of Dell-Delight. When Paul first heard that there was to be an invasion of "women and girls" into Dell-Delight, he declared he had rather there had been an irruption of the Goths and Vandals at once—for if there was any folks he could not get along with, they were "the gals." Besides which, he was sure now to have the coldest seat around the fire, the darkest place at the table, the backward ride in the carriage, and to get the necks of chickens and the tails of fishes for his share of the dinner. Boys were always put upon by the girls, and sorry enough he was, he said, that any were coming to the house. And he vowed a boyish vow—"by thunder and lightning"—that he would torment the girls to the very best of his ability.

Girls forsooth! *girls* coming to live there day and night, and eat, and drink, and sleep, and sit, and sew, and walk up and down through the halls, and parlors, and chambers of Dell-Delight—*girls*, with their airs, and affectations, and pretentions, and exactions—girls—pah! the idea was perfectly disgusting and offensive. He really did wonder at "Brother," but then he already considered "Brother" something of an old bachelor, and old bachelors would be queer.

But Thurston well knew how to smite the rock, and open the fountain of sympathy in the lad's heart. He said nothing in reply to the boy's saucy objections, but on the evening that little Miriam arrived, he beckoned Paul into the parlor where the child sat, alone, and pointing her out to him, said, in a low tone,

"Look at her, she has lost all her friends—she has just come from her mother's grave—she is strange, and sad, and lonesome. Go, try to amuse her."

"I don't know how," said Paul.

"Go show her your books, or your engravings, or minerals, or dried beetles, or whatever may be the present hobby or enthusiasm."

"She is a queer one. She is all black and white—black dress, curls, eyes, and eyebrows, and white face, hands, and neck! I say, brother, she is a sketch in Indian ink, with less light than shadow about her."

"You're a babbling boy—but go and talk to her."

"I say, brother, she is like Melrose Abbey by moonlight—'all framed of ebon and ivory,' and just as picturesque and solemn, too."

"You are an unfeeling boy, I am afraid. Don't you know that it is *grief* that makes her look so pale? She is just an orphan."

"I'm going to her, though I hardly know how," replied the lad, moving toward the spot where the abstracted child sat deeply musing.

"Miriam! Is *that* your name?" he asked, by way of opening the conversation.

"Yes," replied the child, very softly and shyly.

"It's a very heathenish—oh, Lord!—I mean it's a very *pretty* name is Miriam, it's a Bible name, too. I don't know but what it's a saint's name also."

The little girl made no reply, and the boy felt at a loss what to say next. After fidgetting from one foot to the other he began again.

"Miriam, shall I show you my books—Scott's poems, and the Waverley novels, and Milton's Paradise, and—"

"No, I thank you," interrupted the girl, uneasily.

"Well, then, would you like to see my pictures—two folio volumes of engravings, and a portfolio full of sketches?"

"No, thank you."

"Shall I bring you my drawer full of minerals? I have got—"

"I don't want them, please."

"Well, then, would you like the dried bugs? I've got whole cards of them under a glass case, and—"

"I don't want them either, please."

"Dear me! I have not got anything else to amuse you with. What *do* you want?"

Miriam began to weep. Mr. Willcoxen came up to her and took her hand gently, and spoke kindly, saying,

"What is the matter, my child?"

"This boy won't go away and let me alone," wept Miriam.

"'Boy,' humph!" said Paul, walking off in high dudgeon. Presently he walked back. "I say, little girl, I just want to speak one word, may I?"

"Yes," whispered Miriam.

"I just want to make a bargain with you. You don't like boys, I reckon?"

"No," murmured Miriam.

"That's you! We shall agree first rate, for neither do I like *girls*. I hate them like anything—so now for a bargain, if you will let me alone and never speak to me, I will let you alone and never speak to you. Come! will you agree?"

"Yes," said Miriam.

"Does it please you?"

"Yes."

"That's right. I don't think you'll trouble me so much after all. I don't care if I give you a ride on my pony to-morrow. Say! would you like to ride on my pony?"

"No, thank you."

"I've got a canoe, then. I'll give you a ride in the canoe to-morrow—would you like that?"

"No I shouldn't."

"Well what *would* you like? Can't I do anything for you?"

"Yes, you can go away and leave me alone. You promised to, and now you won't."

"Am I doing you any harm—ain't I trying to please you?"

"No—you promised not to speak to me, and you keep on doing so."

Once more Paul walked off indignantly, but looking over his shoulder at the little shrinking, cowering form, he said to himself, "Poor little shy creature, she is just for all the world like that little wounded blackbird that I found and tried to save, but that fluttered away from me every time I touched it," then turning back, he said to her,

"Miriam, what makes you hate boys so?"

"We didn't have any boys at home," said the child, shrinking more into herself.

And Paul seeing that his efforts at entertaining only distressed her, walked away. And after that Paul took her out of the offensive class of "gals," and called her the poor little wounded "blackbird," and wondered how he should ever be able to serve, without alarming her.

Miriam continued very shy, showing no more disposition to associate with Mrs. Morris or Alice, than with Paul—and delighting only in the company of Aunt Jenny, who had attended her from Old Fields, and was destined to remain with her as long as they both should live.

The next day fortune favored Paul in his efforts to please Miriam. He had a tame white rabbit, and he thought that the child would like it for a pet—so he got up very early in the morning, and washed the rabbit "clean as a penny," and put it under a new box to get dry, while he rode to C—— and bought a blue ribbon to tie around its neck. This jaunt made Paul very late at breakfast, but he felt rewarded when afterwards he gave the rabbit to old Jenny, and asked her to give it to the little girl—and when he heard the latter say, "Oh, what a pretty little thing! tell Paul, thanky!" After this, by slow degrees he was enabled to approach "the little blackbird" without alarming her. And after a while he coaxed her to take a row in his little boat, and a ride on his little pony—always qualifying his attentions by saying that he did not like girls as a general thing, but that she was different from others. And Mr. Willcoxen witnessed, with much satisfaction, the growing friendship between the girl and boy, for they were the two creatures in the world who divided all the interest he felt in life. The mutual effect of the children upon each other's characters was very beneficent; the gay and joyous spirits of Paul continually charmed Miriam away from those fits of melancholy, to which she was by temperament and circumstances a prey, while the little girl's shyness and timidity taught Paul to tame his own boisterous manners for her sake.

But of all the family Miriam was most attracted to the lonely sorrowful, man who passed so many hours shut up in his study. A certain sympathy put the child *en-rapport* with the recluse. She felt that he was suffering, and longed for the ability to comfort him. Often she resolved in her mind the problem of how she should be able to *serve* or *console* him. Not the least obstacle was her shyness and timidity, her self-distrust—for what could a little girl do? But the heart is a good teacher.

There was a sitting-room with front windows commanding a view of the vista opening to the bay; this room was slightly repaired and furnished, just sufficiently to make it neat and comfortable; and it was usually occupied by Mrs. Morris and the two girls. There was an old-fashioned centre work-table, called a "sociable," with four drawers around it tending to a common centre, like spokes in a wheel, and around this table they would gather with their books or needle-work.

Paul, when he became somewhat reconciled to the girls, claimed the fourth drawer and the vacant seat at the table. This drawer of Paul's was a source of great diversion to Alice Morris, who called it a mental thermometer, by which she could always tell the state of the boy's mind. And many were the fluctuations it recorded—"Many suns" attracted Paul, and it was a laughable mystery to his friends, whether he meant finally to distinguish himself in art, science, belles lettres, poetry or mechanics. One month geology would reign supreme, and Paul's drawer would be filled with minerals; next, accident would direct his attention to art, and the minerals would all be hustled away in a corner of the closet, and the drawer filled with engravings and pencil sketches, to be discarded in their turn to make room for dried bugs and impaled worms, to remain so long as natural history held the ascendency.

His next frenzy was for carving, and the bugs and butterflies were turned out to give place to cedar blocks, and slabs, and penknives, and designs for inkstands and work-boxes and miniature cathedrals, and panels for ornamental book-cases that were never destined to completion. This was a sore trial to a tidy woman like Mrs. Morris, as Paul, in his zeal for carving, surrounded himself for many feet in circumference with chips and shavings; and the governess would not have borne it long, had not little Miriam, perceiving her annoyance, quietly slipped down and gathered up the litter whenever it was made. In reward for which services Paul generously made the child a present of every piece of carving that he had spoiled.

But heavy as the dispensation of carving was felt to be, they had good reason to wish the reign of chips and shavings back again, when one evening Paul returned from the village, bringing with him a cracked flute, bought at second-hand, and a book of instructions, to touch himself to play upon it, and there followed a visitation of horrible discords that Paul called music. This nearly drove the quiet circle away, for Paul had no ear for tune, and not the slightest perception of variation in sound, except as it made more or less noise, and to "blow" fa-la-la [illegible] stood for loud, louder, loudest! I have often thought that he who had the best lungs or made the most noise, was the greatest performer. And sometimes I have suspected an operatic troupe of being under the same hallucination. Be that as it may, if poor Paul ever

Heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies—

he never succeeded in giving it utterance, but instead, awoke such discords of dreadful sounds as can only be imagined to exist in the future place of punishment for wicked musicians. Conversation was difficult, and study impossible. And the amateur would have been ordered off, only—where was he to go? As he himself argued with a very ill-used air, he "could not go in the kitchen to play, for, if ladies had no taste for melody, it wasn't to be expected that niggers would have; nor they hadn't either, for when he sat down there to play for them, they all went away but the cook, who was dressing the dinner, and she said it deafened her and made her head ache. And as for brother, he dare not go into his study and toot, for he wouldn't stand it a minute. Where was he to practice, sure enough? So they bore the infliction as merrily as they could, repaying the debt by many a jest at the performers expense, and longing for the good weather to come, when Paul might take his flute abroad, and "toot" to the "hills and fields and streams" in true pastoral style.

Sometimes Mr. Willcoxen would come into the sitting-room. And in a moment Paul would stop blowing, put his flute into the drawer, and shut it up.

But Miriam would slip quietly from her chair, and leave it vacant for the new comer. And Mr. Willcoxen would take it without even perceiving whose attention had left it for him. And that suited Miriam best; she felt very kindly towards him, but she did not like to be noticed.

As the spring opened, Mrs. Morris and her pupils became interested in the neglected flower-garden, and with the aid of a skillful gardener, they soon had it in nice order.

But Miriam noticed that her mournful guardian took no interest in their labor and its success. And though she glided into his study every morning in his absence, to place a vase of fragrant flowers on his table, she did not know whether her offering was welcome, or whether its presence was even perceived by the abstracted solitary.

One day in June, however, while the child was in the garden weeding her violets, and Mr. Willcoxen was walking up and down the central walk, absorbed in deep thought, she saw him stop, stoop down, and raise a blue morning-glory in his hand. He did not pluck it, but held it gently, and gazed long and strangely down into its vase-like cup.

It was the only morning-glory in the garden; its presence there was accidental. But Miriam resolved to go to her old home, where they grew abundantly, and bring some to plant; perhaps they might live if she should water them well. She would try, anyhow, for Mr. Willcoxen, who never noticed the fine roses and lilies and tulips and hyacinths, had studied the morning-glory. She knew, besides, that it was Marian's favorite flower. And, oh! at that thought came back the rushing tide of tender memories, freighted with love and sorrow insupportable, and the little girl started up and fled away into the forest, and threw herself upon her face to give away to those overwhelming bursts of sorrow that she always chose to indulge in solitude.

The next morning, Miriam told Mrs. Morris that she wanted to go to her own, old home, to bring away some flowers, and that Jenny could carry her on a mule. Mr. Willcoxen had gone out, and the governess did not know how to reply. After some thought and hesitation, and some questions satisfactorily answered, she gave her consent. And old Jenny mounted the mule, took Miriam before her, and a basket on her arm, and set out for Old Fields.

It was a resplendent summer morning, and despite all sorrowful memories, the child's spirits were enlivened by the ride. When they drew up before the little vine-arched gate of the cottage, they perceived a man sitting under the little stoop before the door. The wealth of blue morning-glories thickly clustering over and about the rustic porch, partly hid him from their view. As the house was still untenanted, they were surprised and disturbed at the presence of a gentleman there, and were about to withdraw, without accomplishing their errand, when, on closer observation, Miriam recognised Mr. Willcoxen.

Perhaps *he* had come to see the morning-glories too, she thought, as she beckoned Jenny to dismount and follow her in.

Miriam opened the gate, and entered the little yard, but so deep was the abstraction of Mr. Willcoxen, that he neither saw nor heard her entrance. His whole attitude bespoke the deepest trouble. Old Jenny, in her turn, beckoned Miriam away.

"Come back, honey, come back; he is weeping, and men folks hardly ever forgive you, if you catches of 'em cryin'."

But Miriam, despite that warning, despite her natural shyness, now forgotten, felt irresistibly drawn towards the sorrowing man.

As if led by a spirit, she glided softly to his side, and sank down by him, and laid her two hands and her cheek on his knee.

Mr. Willcoxen raised his head; not grief, but horror and anguish rather was the expression of that tortured countenance!

Miriam shuddered and dropped her eyes; but she never forgot that look.

He spoke to her in gentle and kindly, though faltering tones,

"How came you here, my poor child?"

She raised her eyes once more to his face—his countenance had lost that dreadful look—she answered,

"I came to take up some morning glories."

"What do you wish to take them up for, my dear?"

"I want to plant them out again at Dell-Delight."

"They would die there, love. Do not touch the morning-glories—leave them blooming here. If you want more flowers, I will send to a nursery in Baltimore by the next packet, and order for you any flowers you would like to have. Only leave the morning-glories here."

"You love them, don't you?" inquired the child, shyly.

"Yes, I love them. Why do you ask?"

"Because I thought you did."

"What made you think so, love?"

"Because I never saw you—saw you—look at a lily or a rose, but you looked at the morning-glory as if you loved it dearly."

"And was that the reason, dear child, why you came here to fetch them?"

"Yes—I thought you would love to see them in the garden."

"You are a good-hearted child: nor do I wonder, when I remember in whose arms you were brought up."

Miriam looked up in his face, and immediately a flood of tender home memories rolled over her soul, and she started to fly away and weep alone; but Mr. Willcoxen detained her gently, until, losing all self-command, she burst into a storm of passionate sorrow, that seemed to threaten the destruction of the little frame through which it raged. Thurston laid her convulsed and heaving form against his bosom, and sought to soothe her until the tempest of grief had spent its force. After a few last, shivering sighs, the child looked up, and he said,

"Miriam, you will never be shy of me again, will you?"

"No, sir."

"And when your little heart feels lonely and homesick, come to me, for I love you, and wish to make you happy—won't you?"

"Yes—sir," said the child, slowly and shyly.

"Is there anything you want, little one? Can I do anything to make you glad? Speak, if I can."

"If you won't look so sorry I shall be glad," said Miriam.

Old Jenny all this time was engaged in taking up the roots of chives, leeks, eschallots, and other pot-herbs, whose culture had been hitherto neglected at Dell-Delight, and putting them in her basket for transplanting.

When she obtained a sufficiency, she cautiously drew near the house where sat Mr. Willcoxen and Miriam. The former beckoned to her,

"Are you ready to return, old woman?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jenny.

"Then take the child and go," and kissing Miriam, he put her down.

And she departed with Jenny.

———

Mrs. Waugh had not forgotten her young protege. She came as often as possible to Dell-Delight, to inquire after the health and progress of the little girl. But the infirmities of age were creeping upon good Henrietta, and these visits to Miriam were not so frequent as desirable.

It is not to be supposed, in any neighborhood where there existed managing mammas and unmarried daughters, that a young gentleman, handsome, accomplished, wealthy, and of good repute should remain unmolested in his bachelorhood. Indeed the matrons and maidens of his own circle seemed to think themselves individually aggrieved by the young heir's mode of life. And many were the dinner and evening parties got up for his sake, in vain, for, to their infinite disgust, Thurston always returned an excuse instead of an acceptance.

At length the wounded self-esteem of the community received a healing salve, in the form of a report that Mr. Willcoxen had withdrawn from the gay world, in order the better to prepare himself for the Christian ministry. A report that, in twelve months, received its confirmation in the well established fact, that Thurston Willcoxen was a candidate for Holy Orders.

And in the meantime the young guardian did not neglect his youthful charge, but in strict interpretation of his assumed duties of guardianship, he had taken the education of the girl and boy under his own personal charge.

"Many hard-working ministers of the Gospel have received pupils to educate for hire. Why may not I, with more time at my command, reserve the privilege of educating my own adopted son and daughter," he said, and acting upon that thought, had fitted up a little school-room adjoining his library, where, in the presence of Mrs. Morris, Miriam and Paul pursued their studies. Mrs. Morris hearing such recitations as lay within her province, and Mr. Willcoxen attending to the classical and mathematical branches, thus passed many months, and every month the hearts of the children were knitted closer to each other and to their guardian.

And Thurston Willcoxen "grew in favor, with God and man." His name became the synonym for integrity, probity and philanthropy. He built a church and a free-school, and supported both at his own expense. In the third year after entering upon his inheritance, he was received into Holy Orders; and two years after, he was elected Pastor of his native parish. Thus time went by, and brought at length the next eventful epoch of our domestic history—that upon which Miriam completed her sixteenth year.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Miscellaneous.

THE COMMON SOLDIER.—Lord John Russell, in the course of a recent speech on the war in the House of Commons, said that the best blood of the empire had been shed, and then, pausing a moment, he added with a noble emphasis these words: "And when I say the best blood of this country, I by no means intend to refer to any particular rank, military or social; for I feel that among the best blood of this country, is the blood of those sons of labor who, having entered the military profession, have devoted their whole hearts to their duties—men who have stood in the field of battle without the hope or expectation of being distinguished by those rewards by which men in higher stations are often swayed, but who have performed their duty nobly, reckless even of their lives, at the same time with a feeling of religious obligation that all must admire. For while they have endured with the greatest firmness the assaults of their enemies, they have shrunk with the utmost avoidance from committing the slightest outrage upon any one. I am confident that these children of the peasantry of England are of no less worth in blood and courage, than the sons of the highest and the noblest of the land." Each sentence of this passage was followed by the loudest cheering.

THE QUEEN'S LETTER.—The letter from Queen Victoria to Sydney Herbert, relative to the wounded in the Crimea, does her great credit. It is as follows:

WINDSOR CASTLE.

Would you tell Mrs. Herbert that I begged she would *let me see frequently* the accounts she receives from Miss Nightingale or Mrs. Bracebridge, as *I hear no details of the wounded*, tho' I see so many from officers, etc., about the battle-field, and naturally the former must interest *me* more than any one. Let Mrs. Herbert also know that I wish Miss Nightingale and the ladies would tell these poor, noble, wounded and sick men, that NO ONE *takes* a warmer interest, or feels *more* for their sufferings, or admires their courage and heroism MORE than their Queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops. So does the Prince. Beg Mrs. Herbert to communicate these my words to those ladies, as I know that our sympathy is much valued by these noble fellows.

VICTORIA.

The italics and capitals of this communication are very curious and woman-like.

Clippings.

☞ Punch and the British Bible Society are at loggerheads. The latter Association has offended the sarcastic scribbler, by noting that the Czar of Russia was a friend to the Bible, because he remitted a duty of about £400 on a shipment of British Bibles. Punch, in a fit of patriotism, exclaims: "Tattoo £. s. d. on the back of Satan, and these men will drop on their knees before him!" Very complimentary to British piety!

☞ Hardly as the poor fellows may fare in the Crimea, the Emperor of Russia did not get his Turkey on Christmas.

☞ LONDON ATMOSPHERE.—A very pious English lady having been introduced to the Persian Ambassador, in London, exclaimed:

"Is it possible that you are such idolators in Persia, as to worship the sun?"

"Yes, madam," replied he, "and so you would in England if you ever saw him."

☞ NICE PREFERENCE.—"Do you like poetry?" said the Frenchman to his friend. "Oh, yes," replied the other, "next to prose."

☞ A learned Judge being once asked how he would act if a man owed him ten pounds and refused to pay him, replied: "Rather than bring an action, with its costs and uncertainty, I would give him a receipt in full of all demands—yes, and I would give him a check for five pounds to cover all possible costs."

☞ IN LIVERY.—The reason why our aristocracy puts its servants in livery is because it fears that the footman or coachman may be mistaken for the master, there is so little difference between them, either in looks, manners or speech!

☞ What part of a young lady's dress can best assist her when in distress? Her stays—because they will help her at a pinch.

☞ When a German stops flute-playing, he is either out of wind or drinking lager-beer!

☞ "Why, doctor," said a sick lady, "you give me the same medicine that you are giving my husband. Why is that?" "All right," replied the doctor, "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

☞ GRAHAMITE PUDDING.—Cut up four laths in a peck of sawdust. When well mixed, bake it by placing a napkin containing it, in the sun for half-an-hour. Serve up with sauce made by soaking a cedar shingle in a pail of well-water.

☞ LEGAL POETRY AND ORTHOGRAPHY.—The following was picked up inside the bar at the Court House, in Springfield, Mass., on Saturday, and challenges admiration equally for its wit, its poetical perfection, its philosophy, and its orthography!

Now, arter settin' here 7 weeks
The Kourt is goin' for to adjourn
And any won hoo justis seeks
May cum next Kourt & take his turn.

☞ HARD TIMES IN BOSTON, MASS.—A few days ago, an ordinary-looking Newfoundland dog was offered for sale in State Street. The price asked for him was only one hundred dollars.

☞ A man who has no enemies is generally good for nothing.

☞ The evergreen is defined as "the man who does not grow wiser by experience."

☞ MEN AND BRUTES.—"Now, gentlemen," said a nobleman, to his guests, as the ladies left the room, "let us understand each other—are we to drink like men, or like brutes?" The guests, somewhat indignant, exclaimed, "Like men, of course." "Then," replied he, "we are going to get jolly drunk, for brutes never drink more than they want."

☞ Labor is as preferable to idleness as brightness is to rust.

☞ Rowland Hill used to ride a great deal, and by exercise preserved vigorous health.—On one occasion, when asked by a medical friend what physician and apothecary he employed, he replied,—"My physician has always been a horse, and my apothecary an ass."

☞ In the statistical tables just issued, it is stated that "tall men live *longer* than short ones."

☞ "Recollect, sir," said a tavern-keeper to a coach-passenger who had only a glass of water, and did not remember the waiter, "recollect, sir, if you lose your purse, *you didn't pull it out here!*"

☞ A PLACE FOR "GOLDEN DREAMS."—A seven thousand dollar bed has been made in Paris for a Turkish gentleman of fortune.

☞ PRETTY MUCH THE SAME.—"Have you ever broken a horse?" inquired a horse-jockey. "No, not exactly," replied Simon, "but I've broken two or three wagons."

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1855.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE GOT UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - - -	$5,00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	10,00	"
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	15,00	"
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	20,00	"

Persons residing in *British North America* must remit *twenty-five cents* in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that such of our old friends the Post-Masters, as do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BELL. We are reluctantly compelled to decline your communication. The story is not very clearly told, and the poem is not sustained toward the conclusion. The opening is very graceful and pretty, but the defects we have alluded to constrain us to reject it.

H. L. The verses of our correspondent in Kalamazoo, Mich., are not without merit; we must, however, decline them. Our readers, generally, have probably but a very faint conception of the number of metrical effusions which we are obliged to throw aside on the ground of the want of finish or some other artistic defect, (defects of a moral character, we are glad to be able to say, we have no ground to complain of,) the neglect of the proper condensation, etc., etc. We wish it to be understood, however, that such rejection is not always to be taken as an expression of the opinion, on our part, that the communications thus declined are altogether without intrinsic worth. But in this productive age, an article should be possessed of more than ordinary merit to entitle it to publication.

J. B. is mistaken. We publish Mrs. Southworth's story just as fast as we receive it. We do not think, since Miriam has been running, that there has been one week in which every sheet of manuscript on hand has not been put into print.

THE COMING YEAR.

We may state, for the benefit of strangers who chance to see this number of the Post, that we design making our coming volume one of the most attractive that ever issued from the press. In our THIRTY-FOURTH year, and with between 80,000 and 90,000 subscribers, we feel determined not to be excelled by any contemporary.

The cost of the Novelets, &c., already engaged—the cost not of their copy-rights, but *merely of the privilege of first publication*—amounts to the sum of over

THIRTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS.

We have engaged the very first talent that could be secured—witness the names of MRS. SOUTHWORTH, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. DENISON, MARY IRVING, ELIZA L. SPROAT, ALICE CAREY, METTA VICTORIA FULLER, FANNY FERN, and a NEW CONTRIBUTOR, (whose name by request is withheld.) *Mrs. Southworth will write for no other paper.* And Grace Greenwood for no other, with the exception of her own admirably conducted "Little Pilgrim."

We commenced, in the last number, a short Novelet, entitled,

THE MINISTER'S CHOICE,

By GRACE GREENWOOD.

Next we design giving an original Novelet, intended to illustrate incidentally the great Evils of Intemperance, entitled,

THE FALLS OF THE WYALUSING,

By A NEW AND DISTINGUISHED CONTRIBUTOR.

In addition to the above Novelet by Grace Greenwood, we are also promised two other short Novelets,

THE ONEIDA SISTERS,

AND

THE NABOB'S WILL.

We also have made arrangements for the following additional contributions:—

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES,

By FANNY FERN.

MARK, THE SEXTON,

A Novelet, bearing upon the subject of "SPIRITUALISM," by MRS. DENISON, Author of "The Step-Mother," "Home Pictures," &c., &c.

NANCY SELWYN;

OR,

THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

A Novelet, by MARY IRVING.

And last, but by no means least, from the fascinating and powerful pen of the Post's *exclusive* contributor,

VIVIA:

A STORY OF LIFE'S MYSTERY.

By MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "Miriam," "The Lost Heiress," &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of ENGRAVINGS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES AND LETTERS, PICTURES OF LIFE in our own and foreign lands, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, VIEW OF THE PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, BANK NOTE LIST, EDITORIALS, &c., &c. Our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will admit, of the Great World. For terms, &c., see head of column.

A BAD ARRANGEMENT.

If we are correctly informed, the only Distributing Post-Office in the whole State of Illinois, is at Chicago—and to that point in the extreme North, all of the mail matter for Middle and Southern Illinois must go. This necessarily causes a needless delay in the reception of letters and newspapers by those residing in the middle and southern portions of the State. We would suggest therefore to the Post-Office Department, that another Distributing Office should be established in the Eastern part of Illinois, on the great thoroughfare running west from Indianapolis. In fact, this would be a convenience also probably to portions of Missouri.

MONEY ORDERS.—We see it stated that the establishment of a system by which money can be transmitted through the Post Office Department by means of drafts, is about to be brought before Congress. In England, such a system already is organized, and money to a large amount is yearly transmitted—without the least risk of loss. To publishers especially, it would be a great benefit. Our own losses by the mails last year, amounted to between seven and eight hundred dollars.

THE WEATHER.

Not for many years has a colder spell of weather been experienced in the Middle and Northern States, than during the first ten days of the present month. The sixth and seventh particularly seemed a special importation from the North pole, designed to enforce the truth of the old maxim that "Hard weather and hard times come together." The thermometer ranged in this city at various exposures, from zero to ten degrees below zero. While further north we have accounts of the mercury sinking to fifteen, twenty, thirty, and even forty degrees below zero—a degree of cold which to us seems almost unendurable, and calculated to resolve man into a hybernating animal.

But in the North-West, where the deepest and fiercest kind of snows have been added to the excessive cold, everything—even the railroad and locomotive—seems to have been brought to a stand still. On the Illinois roads, train after train was snowed and frozen in—the passengers having to resort in some cases to the demolition of the cars to obtain firewood, and to oysters in the express cars, and even to dogs, for food. Now to have to eat dogs—*knowing them to be such*—almost reminds one of the sufferings of the great French army after the retreat from Moscow.

At one drift, we read, the snow completely overtopped the cars, and the train had to root its way through, completely hid from view, and enveloped in the bleak shroud. The cold upon this occasion, was thirty degrees below zero. Again, we read:

Twenty-seven miles beyond Bloomington a train of cars was frozen up in a drift and not able either to proceed or retreat, in consequence of a lack of fuel. The cars were filled with passengers, many of whom were women and children, and their sufferings may be conceived when we state that they had torn three cars to pieces for fuel. While our informant was at Bloomington, an effort was made to reach the sufferers. Sleighs were started off to the spot, but after a day of weary labor, in which the horses were broken down and exhausted, they returned to Bloomington, having gone only twelve miles. The great depth of the snow, the difficulty of getting through the huge drifts lying at frequent intervals along the prairies, the terrific force of the wind, which filled the air with whirling snow, and the almost insufferable severity of the cold—made the attempt to reach the cars with sleighs, a hopeless and futile task. So much for the suffering on the Chicago and Mississippi Road.

Owing to the high winds, and the light character of the snow, the tracks would not remain clear, but would fill up again and again. The first of these great snows occurred on Sunday, January 21st—the second, a shorter one, but equally violent while it lasted, on the 2nd of February. It also snowed on the 8th, and in fact on many other days, either at one place or another. Thus at Boston it snowed heavily on the 9th,—the storm extending to Montreal and Pictou. The first of these storms is thus described:

At 10 o'clock on the night of Saturday, the 20th of January, the snow began to fall with unusual rapidity, and it continued to come down without intermission for thirty-two hours. The Keokuk Whig says that during the whole time the air was so densely filled that it was impossible to see at the distance of a few yards. The wind blew tremendously from the north-west all the while, prostrating trees and fences, and scattering shingles from roofs, and branches of trees, wildly among the snow flakes. The mercury in the course of a few hours fell forty degrees, going down to ten below zero. The streets and roads were so blocked as in many places to be quite impassable. The strongest teams could not get along. The Carthage (Ills.) Republican states that such was the force of the wind that there was not a house in town tight enough to keep out the snow! Immense numbers of fowls were destroyed, and cattle, horses and hogs were frozen to death in considerable numbers. Wells were filled with snow. The "oldest inhabitants" never saw the like. Communication between the different towns and neighborhoods was almost entirely cut off, and indeed, for some time few persons were hardy enough to venture out of doors at all, and it would have been impossible for any one to have been long exposed to the fury of the wind and blinding drifts (the thermometer indicating ten degrees below zero,) and survive.

It is a little singular that on the 6th, when the thermometer stood so low in this city, and westward as far as Pittsburg, the weather was "mild" at Cincinnati, (the thermometer ranging about thirty,) and "very mild" and "thawing rapidly" at St. Louis—the ice in the Mississippi giving way about the same period that it was tightening in the Delaware.

Even so far south as Mississippi, we have accounts of a "severe snow-storm."

Of course the mails in all the northern and central portions of the Union have been greatly retarded, while on the route from Chicago to St. Louis, there has been a perfect embargo—over one hundred tons of letters, newspapers, &c., having accumulated at Chicago, and probably as much more scattered along between the two places.

Whether the road at the time of writing this, is yet opened, we are unable to say. We trust, however, that the back of the winter, with such a heavy load of snow and ice upon it, has been at last broken, and that we shall not be called upon to chronicle a similar irruption from the Polar Regions, until the heats of another summer have reconciled us somewhat to the thought of blasts that blow from Greenland, and the realms where winter reigns perpetual king.

OUR RELATIONS WITH EUROPE

The London News, in a recent article on the subject of the reciprocal relations of Europe and America, discourses after the following manner:

"There is another reason why it is desirable that a friendly understanding between this country and the United States should be sedulously cultivated. In theory, one nation ought only to communicate with another through the medium of their respective Governments. *But, in practice, this rule cannot be strictly observed.* In all countries there are—overlooking minor shades of difference—two great parties—the friends of free institutions and progress, and the friends of despotism, and stationary institutions, and obstructive laws. Either party, in every country, naturally and necessarily sympathizes with its counterpart in every other. It is not in human nature for the liberals of a free nation to abstain from sympathizing with and assisting those who struggle for their own emancipation from fetters in a country subject to despotic rule. Above all others, the despotisms of Europe have no right to complain of this; for the Holy Alliance having set the example of a combination of Kings against subjects, have thereby justified leagues among subjects against despots."

This is emphatically true, and will always continue to be a correct statement of the matter, as long as human nature remains what it is. Every intelligent person in the United States knows perfectly well that England, whatever defects may exist in the character of her Government or people, is the only considerable support of constitutional government in Europe. Sweden and Norway possess many of the advantages enjoyed by the English, while they are exempted from some disadvantages suffered by that people; and the same may be said of Switzerland. But no one believes for a moment that could England be stricken out of existence, or subjugated by the despotic Governments of the Continent, that the other nations we have mentioned could or would pretend to cope with the absolute powers which are constantly seeking to cripple them and circumscribe their influence, deterred from pouncing upon them, and dividing the prey between themselves, (as in the case of Poland,) solely by the consciousness that they have a firm and steady friend in England, who would at once make common cause with them if any such attempt were made.

The facts that political exiles uniformly take refuge in England and are safe there, and that those who are striving for the disenthralment of the Continent from the despotism which broods over it, always look for support and sympathy to the English people, are most significant, and should never be lost sight of. But for England, Mazzini and Kossuth would, ere this, have found no resting-place for the soles of their feet in all Europe.

These facts should, we think, convince every friend of liberty that the cause of humanity and progress imperatively demands the formation on the broadest basis, and the permanent maintenance of the "friendly understanding" which the English journalist so much desires to bring about.

THE WEALTH OF PHILADELPHIA.—By a recent report of the Finance Committee, it appears that the real estate belonging to consolidated Philadelphia, amounts to $16,681,234 75—producing a yearly revenue of $1,068,318.00, or about six per cent. per annum. Of the above amount, a little over two millions is unproductive property—being school-houses, station houses, &c.

We think the above exhibit ought to exert a favorable influence upon the City Loans. There is no good reason why these loans should not go up to par instanter.

THE NEW SENATOR.—We see it stated that Simon Cameron has been nominated by a majority of the "American" caucus for Senator from Pennsylvania—a number of the minority withdrawing however, and declaring that they would not vote for him. We shall go to press probably before an election takes place—but we trust we shall not be called upon to record the election of such a damaged and broken-down politician as Cameron, to represent Pennsylvania in the U. S. Senate.

DEMOCRACY IN ENGLAND

No trait of character distinguishes the English people more clearly from their Gallic neighbors, than the capacity they constantly evince for turning events apparently the most untoward into contributions to their ultimate advantage. The attentive and discriminating observer will invariably perceive that in playing their part in the contest which is going on all the world over, between the people and their governments, the English always gain the upper hand.

This truth has quite recently been manifested to us in a new form. The disastrous management of the belligerent operations in the Crimea has fixed the attention of the English people upon the abuses resulting from the existence among them of a privileged aristocracy, fixed it so unequivocally that it is now a moral impossibility that it should ever be withdrawn from the anomaly until it is removed. It would be impossible to produce proof more positive of this forward step on the part of the inhabitants of the British Isles, than the fact that the *London Times* has most decidedly gone over from the aristocracy, who have for many years regarded it as their peculiar organ, and allied itself with the people. Sooner or later—in our opinion the event cannot be delayed very long—the privileges of the nobility to the exclusive occupation of all posts of honor and profit in the ministry, army and navy, must fall, and the existence of the aristocratic branch of the Legislature cannot survive long thereafter. All this will, however, doubtless be accomplished gradually, and without any violent convulsion of the body politic, and will be the result of a more general diffusion of knowledge among the common people and their consequent intellectual and moral elevation. The universal demand, in Great Britain, for a system of popular education, similar to that which exists in nearly all the Northern States of our own country, is an infallible indication that the masses are fairly awakened to a perception of the truth of the hackneyed saying, that "knowledge is power."

Thus, step by step, never retrograding, and never letting slip an opportunity to wrest from Privilege another Right, the people march steadily forward to the reign of the Universal Republic.

THE USURY LAWS.

The Judiciary Committee of the House, in the legislature of this State, has reported the bill for the repeal of the Usury Laws with a *negative recommendation*. We are pleased to see that the result of the Committee's examination has been favorable to the old law against usury—a law which, if adhered to, would not only be a great benefit to young beginners in business, but would also interpose a tolerably effectual check to overtrading, the source of so many evils. If every merchant knew before entering into a speculation, that, the moment he made the risk of lending him money so great that the legal rate would not compensate the capitalist in doing so, he would have to get along without borrowing, he would be much more cautious than at present. As it is now, he thinks—No matter how much I may be straitened, the money can always be had by paying enough for it; and so he dashes on recklessly, and often ends in ruining not only himself but others. In fact, the desire to repeal the Usury Laws, like the insane speculations and expansions of business and banking, has its origin in an unwise and unchristian spirit of unrestrained covetousness. Those merchants of old time, whose integrity was a proverb, were men who both in word and deed gave their sanction to the laws against usury. And when we have such merchants again, we shall have the same spirit and practice. But greediness—financial, or any other kind—never can understand the wisdom of putting limitations upon it. Let a capitalist get the spirit of greediness out of him—and the spirit of "live and let live," and of human brotherhood into him—and he will begin to see very soon the sophistry and false reasoning of the arguments urged against the Usury Laws.

HAVE WE A VASA AMONG US?

By an article in our news columns, our readers will perceive that the above is now the cry of inquiring minds, of an aristocratic tendency. The Captain Beck, of the Long Island Light-house, is supposed to have been a younger brother of the late Gustavus IV. The Boston Fireside Journal says:

"The life and character of Capt. Beck give a strong tinge of dramatic propriety, if not probability, to this curious rumor. He was a stout, hale, athletic man, who *always lived as befitted an exiled King*, but maintained a reserve as to his personal history, which amounted to mystery. All any body knew of his origin was that he served on board the old frigate Constitution, under Commodore Bainbridge, in the early part of the War of 1812, and was sometimes strangely honored by the Commodore, by being taken on shore with him in his gig, while his officers were left standing on deck; that he afterwards sailed as master in a brig named the Gustavus Adolphus, to St. Bartholomew, and that for more than thirty years he was keeper of the Long Island Light, seldom leaving his post, where, at last, he died, at an age which is supposed to have been about 70."

"Who always lived as befitted an exiled King," says the Journal. We suppose that means, he always lived as well as he knew how—not very well though on the whole, we should judge, from his being the keeper of a light-house. This situation though, was very favorable for one who wished to "maintain a reserve, amounting to mystery." And we would recommend that the Government should keep one or two light-house places constantly open, for exiled kings who may apply for them. As things begin to look a little squally in Europe, perhaps three or four such positions had better be kept vacant.

What do we think of the story? Oh, of course, we think it extremely probable. Why not? Doubtless our excellent friends of Putnam's Magazine, who have allowed the Rev. Mr. Williams (the Bourbon among us,) to drop into nothingness again lately, will startle the world in their next number with conclusive proofs to any amount, that Capt. Beck has quite as much royal blood in his veins as the Rev. Eleazer. Or, perhaps Harpers will run up the Vasa flag—in rivalry to Putnam and the Bourbon.

SUNBURY AND ERIE RAILROAD.—The management of this road was not endorsed by the City Councils last week—thanks to the following members of Select Council:—Messrs. Hinman, Hutchinson, Nathan L. Keyser, Peter A. Keyser, Marselis, Roberts, H. L. Smith, Wm. S. Smith, Stokes, Thomas and Verree—President.

To Mr. Verree (the President) we think much credit is due—he leaving the chair to make his first speech in the chamber against the endorsement of Mr. Cooper and his associates.

We would not that our recent strictures relative to the Councils of this city should be applied to all the members. In both branches there are doubtless a number of able and excellent gentlemen—though in the lower branch we fear that number is comparatively small. It is a Common Council, and many of the members both as to intellectual and moral qualifications, are common enough, in all conscience.

We take pleasure in adding that Mr. Cooper declined a re-election by the stockholders as President of the Company. It is a pity—if we may use an expressive Hibernicism—that he did not decline before he ever accepted the office.

THE GUANO BLUNDER.—Our readers will remember the blunder committed by Mr. Webster, when Secretary of State, relative to the right of American citizens to procure guano at the Lobos Islands, and the duty of the government to protect them in the exercise of said right—the Secretary of the Navy, on the strength of Mr. Webster's authority, stating that they should be protected. Our readers also will remember that, sustained by a letter from Mr. Webster, an expedition was fitted out to procure guano at said islands, which expedition was ordered off by the Peruvian government—Mr. Webster retracting all he had said, and admitting that the Lobos Islands belonged to and were under the jurisdiction of Peru.

And now comes a demand from the gentleman who chartered that expedition, Mr. Benson, claiming compensation of the government for his losses resulting from acting upon the advice of the Secretary of State—which claim we think has an appearance, at least, of undeniable fairness.

ANOTHER CUBAN EXPEDITION.—We have a rumor from New Orleans, under date of the 9th, that an expedition of 3,500 men has been organized against Cuba—and that a portion of it has already sailed from that and other Southern ports. A very doubtful rumor this—especially as to the number engaged. If it be true, it is to be regretted—quite as much for the sake of those engaged in the expedition, as for the character of the United States. An army of 10,000 men would be required to take Cuba, and at least as many, more to keep it.

CONGRESS.—By reference to the proceedings of the House of Representatives, it will be seen that some of the members have been much exercised relative to the charges of corruption made by the Post and other papers. Well, we know it is unpleasant—but why will you behave so?

FOREIGN NEWS.

The news by the Atlantic is important, dealing as it does the downfall of the English Ministry. Lord John Russell has deserted the sinking ship—seeing its inevitable fate. The people of Great Britain are becoming more and more disgusted with the system of aristocratic preferment, which has led to the appalling mismanagement, and want of management in the Crimea. The French army, though it has also suffered much, presents a model of health, comfort, and good order by the side of the English. Note well the language of the London Times—it is most significant, and embodies no doubt the popular sentiment:—

Our brave men have perished, not because we sent them on an enterprise which was above their strength, not because we have refused to grant them anything that was necessary for their support, nor because our Allies have failed us in any point, but because we have chosen to make our army one vast job—the plaything of our aristocracy—a mart in which promotion, which should be the reward of merit, is bought and sold for money—because we have been content to trust to the valor of our private soldiers, and neglected to train up officers possessing any of the attributes which fit men for command—except the universal quality of personal courage. Are we prepared to say that what the sword of the enemy could not accomplish the incompetency of the Heads of our Departments and our Generals have achieved?

And again—

We are all to persevere with the whole force of the empire in carrying Lord Raglan and his staff through with it, and enabling them to redeem their credit at the risk of another army. That is what Government is prepared to ask, what Parliament is expected to grant, what the press will be thought very disloyal if it does not back up, what the British people are expected to swallow, as it has swallowed many another desperate policy. For our own part, whatever others may please to do, we will take no further part in such an affair. We wipe our hands of the war under the existing management. *If Government, if the House of Commons, or the British people, choose to sell themselves to the aristocracy, and through the aristocracy to their enemies, it is their own affair; we wipe our hands of the national suicide.* All that we can do is to protest and to warn, and that we will not cease to do, though hitherto we have done it in vain.

Under the existing management, we repeat we have no choice left us but to protest against the further prosecution of an enterprise which leads to nothing but ruin and disgrace. Under this management nothing changes. Innumerable attempts to instruct or correct it have been made in vain, without the least result. Soldiers, men of science, men of business, travellers, men and even women renowned for their practical powers, have tendered advice, information and assistance to Government, and have had to find all they said or did wholly and disastrously disregarded. Whether the advice was given in the columns of a newspaper, or in the office of the minister, the result has been the same.

It must be remembered, to properly take the measure of the above, that Lord Raglan is a Somerset, and thus connected with the highest aristocracy in the realm.

LABOR WANTED.

Mr. Henry Ferguson, of Henryville, Clark County, Ill., writes to us as follows:

If you have any poor emigrants in your city that have no prospect of employment, and they were able to reach here, they might do well, as labor is wanted, and especially female labor is in great demand, and at good wages. If you should send any westward, let them come to Jeffersonville, and thence by railroad to Henryville, and we will find them employment. I write this, knowing there are a great many poor people around cities, hard run to live through the winter, and more especially this winter, on account of the scarcity of provisions.

Yes, there are plenty that would like to go West—if they knew how to get there, and where to go when they did get there. Mr. Ferguson has made a good beginning. Now let others also give us their names, and say they will answer inquiries relative to their respective sections, and find employment if need be for those who come.

PRIZE CONCERTS.

We notice that the Grand Jury at Cincinnati, have indicted the Managers of Prize Concerts. This is right—and Grand Juries everywhere, where lotteries are forbidden, should not only indict these concerts, but also the Gift enterprises, and everything else into which the lottery principle openly enters—not excepting the Art Unions, the great root and source of all these lottery schemes which have overrun the land of late like the locusts of Egypt. What is the difference in principle between a lottery where paintings and statues of considerable value are the prizes, and one where money is the prize? Not a particle, as every sensible man knows. We are astonished to see respectable papers and magazines giving their sanction to such enterprises. We have little doubt that the effect has been to give a great impetus during the last year to the regular lottery business.

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY.—The conference of Baptist Churches at Hamburg, Germany, has unanimously resolved, "that this assembly declare the use of tobacco to be one of the things specified by the Apostle (Rom. xvi.) as belonging to Christian liberty."

Tobacco must be hard run indeed, when it has to seek refuge behind the sacred ramparts of the Bible. But even if we admit the use of tobacco to be scriptural, certainly there can be no scripture justifying the use of the dirty and poisonous weed, in places where it is offensive to others. A man may have a right to smoke himself, but none to compel others in the streets, public conveyances, &c., to smell or swallow his smoke. For our part, however, we cannot imagine St. Paul either with a big quid, or a "long nine" in his mouth.

THE RIGHT OF INSTRUCTION.—We are not full believers in what is termed the Right of Instruction. We do not think that a Senator is always bound to obey the instructions of the Legislature of his State, or resign. Six years is his term—and he should not be made a mere weathercock to register every changing breeze that blows. Only in cases of a great and undoubted *permanent* change of public sentiment, should a Senator pay deference to it by either altering his course, or sending in his resignation.

But as to the new-fangled doctrine that a Senator should obey the instructions, not of the properly constituted legislature of his State, but of his own "party"—nothing more false and odious in principle was ever broached in political discussion. A Senator either represents his *State* or he represents nobody. And to avow loyalty to a mere party or fraction of that State—and not to the State itself, as an organized political community—is the very essence of factionism, and treason to the first principle of all republican government.

POSTAGE ON THE POST.—Another subscriber, G. W. B., of Sullivan County, Indiana, writes about the postage on the Post. He says, "We have to pay fifty-two cents a year"—and quotes instructions from Washington to the effect that half that rate is only to be taken when the postage is paid in advance at the office *where mailed*. This is not so. The law says—and the "instructions from Washington" say—that the postage may be paid in advance either at the office where mailed, or the office *where delivered*—and in that case only half-rate, or twenty-six cents a year, is to be exacted. If the Postmaster disputes this, let G. W. B. address a letter to James Campbell, Postmaster General, Washington, D. C., and get the opinion of the Department on the subject.

THE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The next Exhibition is announced to commence on the 25th of September. The Society will receive proposals until the first of April, from the various cities and towns of the State, relative to the location of the exhibition. Harrisburg is said to want the exhibition badly, and though we have little doubt but that the Society would make most money in Philadelphia, still we have no desire to monopolise all the good that is going, and acknowledge that "turn about is fair play." We hope that this will be the general feeling in this city—and that no unusual activity will be displayed by our citizens in determining the locality of the exhibition. Philadelphia—including her Councils—is a perpetual exhibition herself.

THE PRESIDENTS.—A subscriber in Merriweather County, Georgia, corrects several errors in an article which we recently copied from the Boston Transcript, entitled "Curious Facts About the Presidents." He states that Washington was but sixty-five years of age when he retired from office, and Jackson "nearly or quite seventy." Two of the Presidents served but one term apiece, viz: John and John Quincy Adams. The Transcript declares "Three of the seven died on the Fourth of July." Our correspondent states that but two died on that day, viz.: the elder Adams and Jefferson. The Transcript should be a little more accurate in its statements.

A MARE'S NEST.—The editor of Harper's Magazine has just discovered that Jeffrey did not, and that Lord Brougham did write the criticism on the "Hours of Idleness," which stung Byron to the composition of the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." The editor of Harpers' might have made the discovery long ago, by referring to the common edition of Lord Byron's works—where the critique in question is duly credited to Lord Brougham.

HOLD JOHN MITCHELL.—We would that John Mitchell's mother, or some other of his female friends, would hold him—the man surely will harm some one, or himself. Hear what he says relative to the disbandment of military companies composed exclusively of foreigners:

"For every musket given into the State Armory, *let three be purchased forthwith*; let independent companies be formed, thrice as numerous as the disbanded corps—there are no Alien Acts here yet—and let every 'foreigner' *be drilled and trained, and have his arms always ready.* For you may be very sure (having some experience in that matter) that those who begin by disarming you, MEAN TO DO YOU MISCHIEF."

"*Mean to do you mischief!*" In John's opinion, evidently some tremendous and fearful scheme is plotting. "Foreigners" must be prepared to "waken up some morning with all their throats cut," as a London magistrate once said. These are terrible times—"Sam" is about! John hears him saying, in imagination,—

"Fee, faw, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Irishman,
Dead or alive I must have some!"

"Let every "foreigner" sleep with his mouth shut, and both eyes wide open. A "vermillion edict," as the Chinese say.

OLIVE LEAVES.—We observe by an article in the Citizen of the World, Elihu Burritt's new paper, just established in this city, that the publications bearing this name, which he has been disseminating all over Europe for several years past, have been published in fifteen German newspapers, headed by the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in two Spanish, and two Italian journals, and in one Dutch, one Danish, one Swedish, and one Norwegian paper. Many minds have in this way been awakened to the importance of the peace question, which could not have been reached in any other manner. The "Citizen of the World" is published by G. W. Taylor, corner of Fifth and Cherry streets.

PATRIOTS.—Sixty-one patriotic "individooals" expressed their willingness to serve Pennsylvania in the United States Senate. Among the number we note

"Mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And cur of low degree."

It would not do for us to classify the gentlemen, but those familiar with the politics of the State, may make the attempt. The indications are that a "mongrel" will be chosen. "God save the Commonwealth!" for she does not seem either good enough or wise enough to save herself.

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN EXPEDITION.—A letter from Secretary Marcy relative to this expedition, is said to have given it a death-blow. The Secretary of State says that this Government has uniformly denied the sovereign or political authority of the Mosquito Indians—from whom the grant is derived. He implies also that the giving of the company a military organization—which has been done—would render it imperative for the Government to interfere. So Col. Kinney has written to Norfolk, it is said, to stop the enlistment of "emigrants."

AMERICAN LITERARY UNION.—The tenth Anniversary of this society, will be held at the Musical Fund Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 20th instant, at 7½ o'clock. Addresses and music as on former occasions. Tickets, admitting a gentleman and two ladies, can be purchased for fifty cents each—the object being to make up a fund for the suffering poor.

TERESA ESMOND.—Mrs. Ann S. Stephens writes us in very favorable terms of the abilities of Miss Teresa Esmond, a young lady who is giving readings in various cities.

New Publications.

THE INITIATE: A Story of Modern Life. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

This novel purports to be the production of a no less distinguished personage than the daughter of the celebrated Lord High Chancellor of England, Lord Erskine. It is unquestionably a superior production, the dialogue being uncommonly spirited and interesting for these days of washy inanities. It is moreover an excellent delineation of German character, so good, indeed, that we find no difficulty in believing it to be the production of the lady to whom it is attributed, and who, having herself married a German Baron, and resided for many years on the continent, is quite *au fait* in the peculiarities of German society.

THE WAYS OF LIFE. By REV. G. S. WEAVER. Philadelphia: Fowlers & Wells. 1855.

There are some things in this book which we could not sanction; but we think it will upon the whole, do good. As a sample of its general tone we give the following:

"Now *Right and Might* lie in motive. Personally they answer the questions *Ought I? Can I?* Some men ask 'Ought I to do this?' Others ask 'Can I do this?' It is the angel that asks 'Ought I to do this?' It is the devil that asks 'Can I do this?'"

UPS AND DOWNS; OR SILVER LAKE SKETCHES. By COUSIN CICELY. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. For sale by Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia.

The two or three stories in this volume which we have read, have impressed us very favorably. There is a vein of natural pathos in them, which evidently springs from real feeling, and their moral tone is unmistakable.

MIRANDA ELLIOTT. By S. H. M. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855.

This is a book in praise of which we cannot conscientiously say much; it seems to consist entirely of commonplace doings and sayings, without any especial moral interest to recommend them.

THE COQUETTE; OR THE HISTORY OF ELIZA WHARTON. A Novel: Founded on Fact. Boston: W. P. Fetridge & Co. 1855. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

For those who fancy a novel in the form of letters from half a dozen different individuals, this volume may, perhaps, prove interesting.

THE ARCHBISHOP. By ORVILLA S. BELISLE. Philadelphia: M. W. Smith. 1855.

This tale, it is obscurely hinted in the introductory chapter, is, to use the stereotyped phrase, "founded on fact." It is designed to exert an anti-Catholic influence.

CUMAN'S PENNSYLVANIA BUSINESS DIRECTORY, FOR THE YEAR 1854-5. Philadelphia. 1854.

The simple announcement of the publication of a work like this is sufficient to ensure its sale among the class for whom it is designed.

Lindsay & Blakiston have for sale the American Journal of Dental Science for January, and the Half-Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences—from July to December, 1854.

Clippings.

☞ Sir Edmund Lyon, the British commander in the Black Sea, alluding to the newspaper report of the attack on Sebastopol, says: "By-the-bye, I am made to say in the papers that I would be d——d if I left my place. Now the words I used were, 'Tell them the Admiral is resolved not to leave this,' words that will not be forgotten by those who heard them, and felt that their lives probably depended upon them. No, my dear ———, it is not in moments such as these, when the honor of my country and the lives of my brave companions in arms depend upon my decisions, that ribaldry finds any place in my thoughts or words. I am rather praying to God to grant that I may judge coolly and collectedly, and decide properly."

☞ RUSSIA AND ROME.—Modern Russia is as ambitious as ancient Rome; but whereas Rome possessed conscript fathers, the conscripts of Russia are her children.

☞ A female writer in the Home Journal, in answer to the question, "What does it cost to dress a lady?" replies that $1,000 a-year spent very carefully by a person who goes out much, would prove insufficient, that $2,000 is nearer the average, without including furs and jewelry, and that $3,000 or $4,000 could be spent very easily when Russian sables and diamonds are brought into question.

☞ When, at the commencement of the Revolutionary War, the eldest son of the Earl of Chatham was ordered to embark for America, he resigned his commission rather than engage in a military service which his heart, his conscience, and his sympathies condemned. Lord Effingham did the same thing. Rather than be employed to enslave their brethren, they abandoned the profession by which they expected to live, and threw up commissions for which they had paid large sums of money.

☞ When we record our angry feelings, let it be on the snow, that the first beam of sunshine may obliterate them forever.

Captain Gibson is now said to be really an Englishman. His sentence of condemnation by the "High Court of Netherland Indies," names him—Walter M. Gibson, 29 years old, born at Court Law, in the County of Northumberland, in the Kingdom of Great Britain, having recently resided at Pendleton, in South Carolina, United States of North America, master and owner of the schooner Flirt, under American colors.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamship Atlantic, which arrived at New York on the 9th, brings dates to the afternoon of the 27th ult.

The chief interest of her news centres in the proceedings of the British Parliament, the Government having been severely denounced for its management of the war.

The dates from Sebastopol are to the 14th of January. The Russians had made two sorties, and were repulsed with considerable loss. The weather in the Crimea had been cold, but at the last dates had become milder.

The Peace Conference is to be opened about the middle of February.

The most important feature of the news is the resignation of Lord John Russell from the British Ministry, on the ground that he could not defend the conduct of the war. The opinion is that the whole Ministry must go out.

The public feeling seems tending towards peace.

The affairs before Sebastopol are quite unchanged.

The British army is represented as being in a wretched state of mismanagement.

There had been a report of a battle fought, but it proves incorrect.

The Swedish army is to be put on an immediate war footing.

The Queen of Sardinia is dead. Queen Maria Adelaide was only in her 33rd year, having been born in June, 1822. She married His Majesty Victor Emmanuel in April, 1842, and by him had seven children, six of whom survive. She was the daughter of Renier, Archduke of Austria.

The troops have been furnished by Sardinia to the number of 20,000 of all kinds of arms.

It is thought that Prussia will yield to the demand of Austria to mobilize her army, as it is evident that she will be out-voted in the Diet.

The enlistment of Swiss goes on slowly for the Allies.

The Paris Moniteur has several congratulatory articles on the success of the French War Loan. It says that 1,700,000,000 francs have been placed at the disposal of the Government.

Prince Napoleon left Constantinople on the 12th January, on account of ill-health.

Accounts from various parts of Spain indicate an approaching Carlist insurrection.

The Great Britain steamship has arrived from Australia, with £750,000 sterling in gold.

Numerous failures are reported in Liverpool, but the amounts are exaggerated, and the cotton market is influenced thereby.

Considerable reinforcements are reaching the Allied armies.

Gen. Liprandi has again advanced his outposts to the Tchernaya.

An army of forty thousand Russians, with a battery of eighty guns, is said to be at Perekop.

Letters from the Crimea state that the French had mined the Flagstaff Battery, and only awaited a favorable opportunity to blow it up.

The sickness is increasing in the camps of the Allies.

Gen. Menschikoff is reported to have said: "Our troops may now rest. Generals January, February and March will fight our battles better than we can."

The Russians have repaired and re-occupied the Quarantine Fort.

Gen. Brown is about to resume his command in the Crimea.

Letters from St. Petersburgh to the 18th of January are of a pacific character.

The Allies are about to establish a hospital to contain two thousand men, at Smyrna, and also an establishment for the convalescent at Rhodes.

The French eighty-gun ship, "Henri Quatre," which was run ashore during the gale of the 14th of November, has been turned into a fort, and has become of much use to the Allies.

It is positively asserted that Omar Pacha's force were to begin operations on the 18th of January—advancing under cover of the artillery of the fleets along the coast. The last of the Turkish convoys left Varna on the 14th for Balaklava.

English soldiers are dressed in French uniforms. Canrobert has presented 10,000 coats to the British soldiers. It is asserted, too, that General Canrobert, satisfied with the numerical strength of the force under his command has written home to request that no more men may be sent—a state of things which differs materially from that of the British army. Indeed, the London Times states that if the present rate of mortality should continue, there will literally be no army left by the 15th of March—nothing but Lord Raglan and his staff.

The weather was very changeable—alternate snow, rain and frost.

The *Patrie* says that the recent passage of the Danube by the Russians, has given rise to a demand by Austria for explanations from Gortschakoff.

Orders have been sent to Count Coronini, to prevent the Russians from recommencing the campaign on the Danube.

The Admirals of the Allied fleet have declared all the ports of the Black Sea and Sea of Azof, in a state of strict blockade, and have captured several ships laden with provisions for the Russians.

The screw steamship sent to the Black Sea with the submarine cable for connecting Varna with Balaklava, has put back to Harwich damaged.

Russia claims the right to participate in the Vienna Conference, in her capacity of a great European power, and has sent a protest to Vienna, Paris and London, against any resolutions passed without her participation.

RUSSIAN MOVEMENTS.—A letter, purporting to proceed from St. Petersburg, dated the 10th, says:—That for some time past numerous relays are posted at intervals of four leagues from Odessa to Sebastopol for the purpose of conveying, as soon as the snow is frozen over, reinforcements to the amount of 40,000 men for the Russian army. It is expected that the Russians will have on the 15th of February, an army of 160,000 men in the Crimea.

At St. Petersburg complaints are heard against Prince Menschikoff, who, strange to say, is accused of the Imperial *entourage*, and even the people, of excessive prudence, and a total want of that perilous quality which sometimes impels a General to leave a good deal to chance. He is accused of being too faithful a disciple of Gen. Koutousoff, who is said to have fought in spite of himself the battle of the Moskowa in 1812, and not to have displayed sufficient energy in preventing the French from penetrating into Russia.

The people are beginning to get clamorous against the Prince, and discontented even with the Czar, who, they think, has already made far too many concessions. To more they will not listen. Osten-Sacken is again spoken of as likely to obtain command, in the event of Menschikoff's removal, with Liprandi as his second. In case of a change, it is not certain whether the Prince will be summoned to St. Petersburg, or be left in the Crimea, with the duty of defending the city during the assault while Osten-Sacken commands the army in the field. The letters repeat the assurance that the feeling of the population of St. Petersburg is decidedly for war.

THE SIEGE.—Jan. 4th.—It snowed all night incessantly, and this morning the whole of the bleak gray mountains over Balaklava, and of the landscape of valley, undulating hills, rugged ridges, and mountain tops was clothed in a sheet of blinding whiteness. The snow lay on the ground to the depth of six or seven inches and the cold was aggravated by a high wind which blew into one's very bones. I cannot conceive much greater hardships than those to which the men in the trenches are subjected, when at the end of a twelve hours' watch they return half-cramped and frozen, to their damp, cheerless tents, to find that there is not wood enough to warm their coffee. Captain Swinton, of the Royal Artillery, a gallant and excellent officer, was found dead in his tent, suffocated by the fumes of charcoal from a stove which he had placed within it for the purpose of warmth.

Jan. 5.—An extremely hard frost began about midnight, and the thermometer this morning was at 21 degrees, 10 seconds or more than 10 degrees of cold. The result may be imagined. The cavalry division lost about sixty horses during the night, and I dread to think of the number of our noble soldiers who will receive their *coup de grace* from this weather, if it lasts. I am credibly informed that out of one division alone, one hundred and fifty men were taken out of the trenches to the hospital tents, seized with cramp and half frozen, not so much, perhaps, from the cold as from the want of proper clothing, and inability to move about to circulate the blood. Lieutenant Ramsbottom, of the 97th Regiment, was found dead in his tent this morning, from the vapors of charcoal in a stove, and Mr. Vicars, of the same regiment, was discovered in a precarious state from the same cause, but is now better.

Jan. 7th.—Words cannot describe the sufferings of the men last night. The snow is knee deep, with a north wind, bedclothes frozen. Men going on duty in the trenches have actually been observed crying. Total sick list, 14,832.

A FRENCH ACCOUNT OF THE SIEGE.—The *Moniteur de l'Armee* publishes the following letters:—

"BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, Dec. 31.—All along the lines we are ready for the attack. The batteries only await being unmasked to send forth their volleys. The tower in front of the English, our brave allies, and the Flagstaff Battery and the Quarantine Fort, in front of us, are the three points the occupation of which is most important. The town, however, seems prepared for a vigorous defence. Mud batteries and entrenchments stare us in the face. Traps of every description are prepared for us. But nature has done more than man to delay the ruin of this wonderfully situated city.

"Thus, behind the Flagstaff Battery there is a ravine, which will have to be descended and then remounted, under a cross fire from the Quarantine Battery and from part of the harbor, to enable one to establish a footing on the plateau of the city. This plateau is covered with the defences, batteries and obstacles. The streets are barricaded. The town itself is deserted, silent, melancholy; the houses appear to have been all abandoned, and the windows are all open. At rare intervals, a sentry may be seen on duty, or a workman at his labor.

"There is nothing stirring to indicate that there are living beings in this great city—not a sign to denote the presence of an army; the voice of the cannon is the only voice that is heard. Yet prisoners assure us that there are battalions bivouacking in every square."

ASIA.—The appointment of Ismael Pasha to the command of the army of Anatolia had produced the best result upon the troops.

The Turks have opened a communication with Schamyl, whose force numbers twenty thousand.

Prince Peratynski, a Polish Lieutenant in the Russian Guard, has deserted to the Turks.

The Turks have a rumor that Schamyl is dead.

CHINA.—The dates from China are to Dec. 12th. Political affairs in the South are more critical than ever.

The Canton authorities have officially applied for assistance from the American and English Consuls,—with what result is not stated.

Trade was completely suspended.

ENGLAND.—Messrs. Miller & Thompson, of Liverpool, have suspended. Their liabilities amount to £200,000 sterling, owing to losses in the Australian trade.

Messrs. Hoare, Eager & Co. have failed for £150,000, and Messrs. Tuniff & Sharp, tea dealers, of New Cumnock, Scotland, have failed for a large amount.

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 27.—The sales of Cotton for the week, as reported by Maury's Circular are 47,000 bales, including 9,000 bales on speculation, and 4,500 bales for export. The quotations are: Fair Orleans, 6½; Middling, 5½; Fair Upland, 6½; Middling, 5. The demand has been moderate for the trade, and for export. The market opened with a good demand, but rather fell off at the close.

Brown, Shipley & Co's Circular reports the tone of the Cotton Market as influenced by the reported [illegible] on 'Change. Mobile Fair, 5½d.; do Middling, 5¼d.

FLOUR.—There has been a moderate inquiry for Flour. The quotations are: Western Canal 40s. 6d.; Ohio 42s.

CORN.—The demand has been moderate from the trade and for export. Yellow 44s.; White 45s.

THE LONDON MONEY MARKET.—The transactions in American Securities have been small. The Money Market is tighter. Consols have declined—the quotations are 91a91½.

The price of Consols declined ½ in consequence of Lord John Russell's resignation.

LONDON IRON MARKET.—Baring's Circular quotes Bar Iron at £7, and Rails at £6 15s.

SWEDISH ROYALTY IN BOSTON.—The lovers of the marvellous have had a nice dish served up for them during the past week, in the columns of the Fireside Journal. It affirms that we have a branch of the royal house of Sweden in this city; that the son of a King and the heir to a kingdom and all the honors of the house of Gustavus Vasa IV. has been for thirty years past, keeper of a light-house in Boston harbor; and that, shortly after the death of Captain Beck, his only daughter, a very intelligent and accomplished lady—now the wife of Abel P. Hayden, one of the pilots in our harbor—has been sent for from a high quarter in Sweden, and supplied with funds for the voyage.

The article is well written, and is remarkably interesting. We are, however, authorised by a member of the family, to correct some errors contained in it. The article, we are told, was published without the knowledge or sanction of Mrs. Hayden. Her brother, Mr. George W. Beck, the founder and principal of the Protestant Episcopal Orphan Asylum in Somerville, is the only son of his father, and lawful heir to whatever of titles and hereditary honors belong to his ancestors. Neither is Mrs. Hayden the only daughter of the late Captain Beck. With these exceptions, the article in the Fireside Journal is mainly correct.

Since publicity has been given to this topic it is the intention of the family to prepare and give to the public the whole facts in the case. That they are the Vasas will be substantiated by unimpeachable evidence. This important fact, however new to the public, is not new to the family. The surviving Mr. Beck has known it from his youth. He is a gentleman well known in Boston and its vicinity, and stands high as a man of integrity and character. The public will look for the promised statement of facts with a good deal of interest.—*Boston Herald, Feb. 5.*

THE WRECKED PASSENGERS OF THE PROPELLER WESTMORELAND.—It will be remembered that the propeller Westmoreland, was lost in the early part of this winter on Lake Michigan. The captain and two ladies were left on the beach, where they landed from the boats, the rest of the party having gone, a part of them to South Manitou, and the others to Manistee, and thence to Racine. After waiting two or three days for the return of the party who had gone to Manitou, the captain escorted the two ladies to a point fifteen miles north of Platt River, where the wrecked mariners came ashore, and left them for the winter with a man named Fisher, who is there building a wood dock. Then, taking their words of tidings to their friends, and bidding them farewell, the captain started on his forlorn journey towards civilization. The road was long and the prospect gloomy, but with the hope and energy of a true Yankee tar, he proceeded. Travelling by day, and seeking by night such shelter as the woods afforded, he pursued his lonely course for six days and nights. At the end of that time, his eyes were greeted with the view of buildings at Grand Haven, and there, tired, hungry, but still "jolly," he obtained food and rest. He arrived at Buffalo, on the 13th inst. The ladies, whose names are Cary and Taylor, are both unmarried, and their prospects for remaining unmarried till spring is good. One of them belongs in Boston, and the other in this city. When the spring thaws them out, their friends will be rejoiced to meet them after hardships and escapes.—*Chicago Tribune, Jan. 27.*

A MENDICANT LENDING FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.—The Buffalo Republic, Feb. 1, says:—A well-known gentleman doing business and residing in the upper part of the city, had occasion, a few days since, to make a loan of $500, and applied to one of his friends for assistance. His friend happening at that moment to be "short," was unable to accommodate him, but offered to accompany him to the house of a worthy German in this city, where he had no doubt the desired object could be effected. The two accordingly proceeded to the house of "Mynheer," where our friend stated his object, and having satisfied the German in regard to "usance," security, &c., a well-filled stocking was brought out, and the $500 forthwith counted down and placed in his hands, accompanied by the remark, "I lend you five huntret tollar more, if you want 'em." This generous offer was declined, the transaction was closed, and as our friend turned to leave, the door opened and in trooped the three or four ragged children of the money-lender, with baskets on their arms, whom the borrower at once recognized as "regular customers" at his house, and who had just that moment returned from his larder with their customary supply of cold victuals—for the boarders.

RUSSIAN SERFDOM.—Among the limitations of Russian serfdom, are these:

1. The master cannot sell the serf without the land on which the serf resides.
2. Families cannot be separated, and the married children, after the death of parents, constitute a family.
3. The master's power over the body of the serf extends not to maiming or peril[illegible] ing life.
4. The master cannot require the serf to marry contrary to his own choice and affection.
5. He is entitled to the labor of only three days of the week, and cannot require labor on the Sabbath or on high festivals.
6. Serfs cannot be held except by the nobility and certain privileged classes and persons.
7. They cannot be held except in proportion to the master's property in land, there being required for each serf the possession by the master of 20 acres.

NEW COLONY FOR TEXAS.—M. Victor Considerant, the Famous French Socialist, arrived at New York on Saturday night, on board the steamship Union, from Europe. He will be remembered by many of our readers as a conspicuous actor in the events in Paris which followed the French revolution of 1848. It is understood that he has a colony of French, Belgian, and German agriculturists and mechanics, who will follow as soon as he has made the requisite arrangements for their settlement in Texas. The company, is said, to have a fund of several millions of dollars with which to commence operations. The organization is to be, at first, merely that known by the name of association, but, subsequently, the principles of Fourier will be gradually introduced. These communitarian settlements meet with no objection. Economy, in Pennsylvania, Ebenezer, in New York, Icaria, in Illinois, and others show the practical working of the various systems, and demonstrate that they do not at all affect surrounding society.

LENDING MONEY TO THE EMPEROR.—The Journal du Loiret relates the following incident connected with the loan, and which took place at Orleans:—"A countryman presented himself to M. de Noury, the receiver, with a bag containing 1,000f., and throwing it on the table, said, 'That is for the Emperor.' 'You mean for the loan,' said M. de Noury. 'Not at all,' replied the countryman. 'It is for the Emperor, I wish to assist him in carrying on the war against *that* Nicholas; I lend him my money, and I am sure he will return it to me safely.' 'Will you have 3 per cents, or 4½?' was the next question, to which the answer was, 'I know nothing about per cents., I tell you it is for the Emperor. Take my 1,000f., give me a receipt, and that is enough.'" This is not by any means a solitary instance; a great number of the peasantry, particularly in the southern and western departments of France being fully impressed with the idea that they were lending their money to the Emperor himself, and not to the State.

THE BIBLE AND THE CZAR.—At the Annual Meeting of the Edinburgh Bible Society, the Chairman, Lord Panmure, adverting to Mr. Bright's speech at Rochdale, said:—"When Alexander was Emperor of Russia, he showed a certain countenance to the laborers of the British and Foreign Bible Society. His successor, the present Emperor, it is true, allowed the edition to be exhausted in the country, but since that time he had permitted no further translation to be struck off, and no further circulation of the Bible in the tongue of his countrymen. He (Lord Panmure) would not have touched so prominently upon that point, had he not seen it asserted, at a Bible Society meeting at Rochdale (by Mr. Bright) that the present Emperor of Russia was friendly to the circulation of the Scriptures."

FRIGID.—Wednesday of last week was a terribly cold day at the North, in evidence of which we give the following statement of the number of degrees below zero at which the thermometer stood early in the morning:—Portland, 15; Bangor, from 27 to 35; Waterville, Me., 20; Calais, Me., 24; St. John, N. B., 26; Fredericton, N. B., 25; Sackville, N. B., 20; Halifax, 20; Gorham, N. H., 27; Dover, N. H., 21; Island Pond, Vt., 29; Rutland, Vt., 29; White River Junction, Vt., 29; Woodstock, 30; Brattleboro', 22; West Randolph, Vt., 44; Quebec, 32; Montreal, 29; Northfield, Vt., 35; Ryetown, Canada, 32; Toronto, 24; Belleville, Canada, 18; Kingston, Canada, 22; St. Johnsbury, Vt., 29; Pictou, N. S., 4.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.—Louis Napoleon seems to be dissatisfied with Canrobert's generalship. Gen. Pelissier, the daring and relentless African commander, has been sent for, and the first division of the army is to be placed under his orders, while Gen. Bosquet is to lead the second in the field, Canrobert with the title of Commander-in-Chief, remaining still before Sevastopol; Gen. Niel is sent to him as Chief of the Engineering Staff. In fact, Canrobert has failed to supply sufficient glory, and is displaced as gently as possible. The English Government has not even the pluck to do so much, and to save the wretched remnants of the army by giving them a better commander.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1855.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.
SECOND SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 5th inst., Mr. Stuart presented the joint resolution of the Legislature of Michigan, instructing their Senators and requesting their Representatives to use their best exertions to procure the passage of an act prohibiting the introduction or existence of slavery in any of the Territories, especially in Kansas and Nebraska, and to introduce without delay a bill for the latter purpose, and also to procure the immediate repeal of the act of 1850, known as the Fugitive Slave Law.

An abstract of Mr. Cass's speech on this occasion will be found under the political head.

The Bounty Land Bill was taken up and passed by a vote of 36 to 15.

Shortly after the Senate adjourned.

On the 6th, the Senate took up the French Spoliation bill, and passed it by a vote of 30 to 17.

Mr. Dawson, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported a bill appropriating $50,000, for the erection of an arsenal in the District of Columbia, with an apartment for the reception and preservation of the military and naval trophies. It was twice read and ordered to be printed. Adjourned.

On the 7th, Mr. Sumner presented a memorial from citizens of Pawtucket, Mass., asking for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Act, the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and the prohibition of slavery in the Territories.

Mr. Brown—Is that all they want?

Mr. Sumner—That is the beginning.

Mr. Chase presented petitions from citizens of Fulton and Williams counties, Ohio, praying for the passage of a law prohibiting slavery in the territories. He said he would call up the bill introduced by him last week, to prohibit slavery in the territories, at the earliest practicable day.

The bill to establish a U. S. Circuit Court in California, was then taken up, and after some discussion, postponed till the 9th.

The bill appropriating $[illegible] for deepening the channel of the Patapsco river, to render the port of Baltimore accessible to United States war steamers, was then taken up.

Mr. Pearce argued the merits of the bill, and moved to reduce the appropriation to $[illegible].

The amendment was agreed to, and the bill passed.

A bill was introduced for continuing the improvement of the Hudson river; for improving New Castle harbor; to refund to citizens of Wilmington, N. C., the amount paid by them to improve the Cape Fear river; for the improvement of the Kansas river; and to improve the navigation of Tennessee river.

Appropriations were passed for deepening the channel over the St. Clair flats and over the St. Mary's flats, Michigan; to improve the Des Moines Rapids, and to improve the harbor of Newark, New Jersey.

Mr. Pettit introduced a bill to improve Michigan City harbor, which passed through its early stages.

A bill was taken up and passed to continue numerous public works heretofore commenced in the State of Maine.

A bill was also passed, appropriating $30,000 to continue improvements of the mouth of the San Diego river, in California.

Mr. Dawson introduced a bill, appropriating $161,000 for the removal of obstructions at the mouth of the Savannah river, Ga., which was taken up and passed.

The Senate then adjourned.

On the 8th, Mr. Seward, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill to amend the act to carry into effect the reciprocity treaty, which was taken up and passed.

The Senate then, on motion of Mr. Jones, of Tenn., took up the bill giving three years' credit to railroad companies for the payment of the duties on railroad iron.

After making the bill the special order of the day for Monday, the Senate adjourned.

On the 9th, this being private bill day, on motion of Mr. Wade, it was agreed that such bills only as would get [illegible] debate, should be acted on before 2 o'clock.

The following were thereupon taken up, considered and passed, without objection or debate:—Senate bills Nos. [illegible], and House bills Nos. [illegible].

After the discussion of some private bills, the Senate adjourned.

On the 10th, the original bill granting pensions and bounty land to the Seneca Indians was taken up and amended, on motion of Mr. Brown, by striking out all reference to pensions, and extending the benefits of the bill to all Indians who have served in the U. S. Army in time of war.

The bill as amended then passed finally.

Mr. Dodge, of Wisconsin, presented the joint resolutions of the Legislature of Wisconsin, instructing their Senators and requesting their Representatives to oppose any extension of the term now required by law for the naturalization of foreigners.

The bill to continue the improvements on the Lakes, and appropriating $[illegible] therefor, was taken up, and variously discussed, shortly after which the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 5th inst., the House took up and passed finally—yeas 106 nays 55—the Senate bill refunding the duties on railroad iron imported by the West Feliciana Railroad and [illegible] Railroad Companies.

On motion of Mr. Wells, the House took up and passed the Senate bill changing the appropriation for the erection of a building in Milwaukie for a Custom House, Post Office and U. S. Courts.

Mr. Wise asked leave to introduce the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, Discussions have been indulged in in this House, in Committee of the Whole, which, with other circumstances, lead to the conviction that there exists in this country an extensive secret, oath-bound political association, which seems intended to interfere with the purity of elections and the legislation of the country—such an association as excited the fears and induced the solemn warnings of Washington in his Farewell Address—Therefore,

Resolved, That in the opinion of this House, the existence of secret, oath-bound political associations, having in view an interference with the security of the ballot box, and the direction of the course of national or municipal legislation, is inconsistent with and dangerous to the institutions of republicanism, and directly hostile to the genius of this Government.

Resolved, That every attempt to proscribe any class of citizens on account of their religious opinions, or to favor or injure any religious denomination by national legislation, is in direct violation of the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, That while a careful and strict administration of the Naturalization Laws is a solemn duty, yet every interference with the guaranteed rights of naturalized citizens is inconsistent with the plighted faith of the Nation, and must diminish its growth and prosperity.

The question was taken on suspending the rules, and decided negatively, yeas 101, nays 77. Not two-thirds in the affirmative.

After a long discussion of the bribery question, the House adjourned.

On the 6th, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and took up the bill for the payment of the Creditors of Texas.

Messrs. Smith and Bell, of Texas, severally urged the bill as a satisfaction to that State.

Mr. Giddings had no idea of voting money to pay the Texas debt, when the people of Ohio have to pay their own. Besides, Congress had failed to provide for redeeming the debt due to the children of our Revolutionary fathers. He had Continental money, descended from his father, for which he could not get a cent. Corruption existed in this Hall, pending the Texas Annexation resolutions. Texas scrip and bonds were then flourished far and wide—he would not say in this House, for the members are above reproach. [Laughter.]

Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, moved an amendment, reducing the sum proposed to be appropriated, from eight and a-half to six millions five hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Mr. Smyth said if this was adopted, Texas will reject the bill.

After some dodging of members into the lobby to avoid being committed, the roll was called, when it appeared that 153 members had answered to their names. Adjourned.

On the 7th, the House took up the Texas Bill.

Mr. McMullen, in advocating a reduction of the amount to be appropriated, alluded to a remark of the gentleman from Ohio, not the one (Mr. Giddings) who is blessed so loudly, he said, but to his block-headed colleague (Mr. Taylor). [Laughter.]

Mr. Taylor, who was entering the Hall just as this allusion was made to him, replied that he would rather have a block head than a blowhead. [Immoderate laughter, intermingled with cries of "Good! Good!"]

After some further repartee, and the disposal of several amendments, the bill was passed by a vote of 104 to 82.

The bill provides that in lieu of the five millions of dollars, payable to Texas in five per cent. United States stock, the issuing of which was restricted by the law of September 9th, 1850, $6,550,000 be appropriated, to be apportioned among the holders, pro rata, the interest to be determined by the existing laws of Texas; the holders and Texas to release all claims against the United States for and on account of the securities—the act not to take effect until assented to by the Legislature of Texas, nor until said Legislature pass a law withdrawing and abandoning all claims and demands against the United States, growing out of Indian depredations, or otherwise.

Soon after the House adjourned.

On the 8th, the Speaker laid before the House a communication from the President, transmitting a copy of the Treaty recently concluded between the United States and the Chippewa Indians, of Lake Superior, and recommending an appropriation to carry the same into effect. It was laid on the table.

The following bills were severally considered and passed:

A bill relating to the holding of the United States Courts in Tennessee and Florida; authorizing the opinions of the Attorney General of the United States to be printed; regulating the salaries of the Judges of District Courts, dividing the States of Illinois and Ohio each into two Judicial Districts; concerning the apprehension and delivery of deserters from foreign vessels in ports of the United States; providing for the accommodation of the Federal Courts of the District of Maryland and the Post-Office in Baltimore; amending the Act passed August, 1852, making satisfaction for Virginia Military Land Warrants. The House then adjourned.

On the 9th, the House proceeded to the consideration of the bill to remodel the Diplomatic and Consular system of the United States.

Mr. Perkins, of La., in reply to a question by Mr. McMullen, said that by this bill the diplomatic expenses will be diminished considerably, while there will be $[illegible] a year saved in the consular expenses.

Mr. Breckenridge said that some weeks since he was nominated by the President, and confirmed, as Minister to Spain. It would be observed that he had attended to his ordinary duties here since that period. The nomination and confirmation was without his knowledge or application, not having sought nor expected the office, nor had he ever heard of the resignation of Mr. Soule till informed that his name had been sent into the Senate. Under these circumstances, the President granted him a short indulgence to consider as to whether he would accept the post, and to confer with his friends. After doing so, while deeply appreciating the mark of Executive confidence, and the manner in which it had been conferred, he had felt it his duty to decline the appointment, and has so apprised the President. He was now at liberty, not being affected by the bill, to vote in the affirmative.

The bill was then passed—143 yeas, 33 nays.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the bill extending for seven additional years, Colt's patent improvement for firearms.

Mr. Edgerton resuming his remarks from Saturday last, said the first information touching the integrity of members in connection with this bill, appeared in the Evening Star of Washington, the writer declaring that one hundred thousand dollars were set apart to carry out the object of Colt's application, and saying he had seen enough to satisfy him of the truth of the story. Here was the commencement of the gross and infamous slander on the American Congress, perpetrated by a man who is admitted to a seat as a reporter on this floor.

Mr. Clingman—What paper?

Mr. Edgerton—The Evening Star.

Mr. Giddings—It is an Administration paper.

Mr. Edgerton—Indifferently so. [Laughter.]

The Scientific American likewise repeated that the "passage of the bill is to be effected by champagne and gluttony," and the Philadelphia Post reiterates the charge against Congress, of being corruptible and corrupt—basing it on the article of the Evening Star. These articles, copied throughout the country, had impressed the minds of the people that the American Congress [illegible] can be bought and sold like slaves in the market. Now, an honorable gentleman (alluding to Mr. Clingman) reiterated the rumor, and insinuated that members are open to bribery and corruption, when he had not courage enough to accuse any one openly and directly.

Mr. Clingman observed that the remark implied cowardice, and he thought the gentleman from Ohio, by using it, violated the rules of order.

Mr. Edgerton doubted not every member had courage enough to state what is true, if he had the truth to state. It was because there was not truth or a substantial charge to make, that the gentleman declined to assert it, and confined himself to general rumor. He had not, and dared not, make the charge directly, because he could not fix the charge on any member. He repeated the remark he had heretofore made, that the Select Committee to examine into the Colt and other cases, was inquisitorial in its nature. It was to inquire not whether there was any truth in the charges respecting the members, but whether the charges might not be made. All the questions were leading in their character, fishing for information, not based on any specific charge. The expenses of that Committee already amounted to $1,000. In conclusion he advocated the bill.

Mr. Clingman said this was a singular question. It was the only bill he knew of, involving a large amount of interest, not supported by some good pretext. It violated all sound principle. Everything said in favor of the bill was directly in the teeth of the application for a renewal of the patent. Mr. Colt got a patent for fourteen years, which was renewed for seven, and has several years yet to run. It was shown before the Commissioner of Patents, who rejected the application, that Mr. Colt had already made more than a million of dollars. The whole foundation on which the application rests, is false. Instead of losing money, he has been abundantly remunerated. The gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Edgerton) said last week, no member had the courage to make a direct statement regarding the influences sought to be applied to members in favor of this bill, and repeated the charge today. Charging members with want of courage was in violation of the rules of order. He did not believe there was any member who had not courage enough to make a statement he believed to be true. The allegation is a gratuitous falsehood. [Sensation.] He had spoken of the efforts to influence members. The facts show that ten or twelve persons have been employed here for that purpose.

Mr. Eddy defended the Select Committee from Mr. Edgerton's charge of its being inquisitorial, and seeking to stab character in the dark. This aspersion, either in or out of this Hall, should be repelled, and by none more than himself, a member of that Committee. As to the charge of the Committee sitting secretly to try members for bribery or corruption, he would merely say when anything occurred which required explanation, any and every member of the House whom the explanation concerned, was promptly invited to appear before the Committee, and expunge himself not only from the imputation, but from every suspicion. When the gentleman from Ohio attempted to strike down the Select Committee, he [Mr. Eddy] wished to remind him that blows may be struck back. He opposed the bill, saying that the charge of Mr. Letcher is true, that not less than ten or fifteen thousand dollars have been used to secure the extension of Mr. Colt's patent.

Mr. Etheridge moved to strike out the enacting clause of the bill. Agreed to—ayes 90, noes 23.

The Committee then rose, and the House concurred in this, by a vote of yeas 111, nays 60. Thus the bill was finally killed. Adjourned.

On the 10th, the House, on motion, took up and passed the bill appropriating $60,000 for building or purchasing four additional revenue cutters.

After some discussion of private bills, the House adjourned.

General News.

NEWS ITEMS.

Central American Ruins.—Some of the interesting ruins of Guirigui, in Central America, visited and described by the American traveller, Stephens, have been transported to England, to be placed in the British Museum, as specimens of aboriginal American art. The works are said to exhibit but little artistic taste.

Damages Claimed.—Mr. Phillips, the American who was arrested and imprisoned in Switzerland, having been mistaken for Mazzini, claims an indemnity from that Government of $5,000 for arbitrary and inhuman treatment, and his claim has been recognized by the American Legation.

River Closed.—The Sunbury (Pennsylvania) American says:—The Susquehanna was closed over with ice, on Monday night week, for the third time this winter. The ice is shoved up in large piles in the river opposite this place.

Idol Extravagance.—It is estimated that the incense alone, which is burnt in the Chinese Empire in the worship of their idols, annually costs £9,000,000,000 sterling, or a little more than one dollar for each man, woman and child.

Seven Men Killed.—The Cumberland (Maryland) Telegraph, of the 1st instant, says:—No less than seven men were killed upon the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad during the last week. A majority of them were employes of the Company.

An Editor's Sanctum.—The editors of the Free State, a paper published in Kansas, says that their office is made of split oak slabs, without floor or ceiling, and that their editorial has been prepared within a few days, in a cold room, with a half dozen loafers standing over their shoulders, debating loudly, and all the while, the various topics of claims, the resources of the territory, politics and the Eastern war.

A Large Train of Cars.—The Piedmont (Virginia) Independent states that a train of ninety-seven cars, containing 904 tons of coal, from the different coal Companies in the George's Creek Coal Valley, was dispatched over the George's Creek Coal and Iron Company Railroad to Piedmont, on Friday week.

A Veteran Whist Party.—In Boston, Mass., there is a party of four gentlemen who have been in the habit of meeting together to play whist every Friday night for 27 years, still hale and hearty, and likely to meet for 27 years more.

Rather Intolerant.—Louis Napoleon, Emperor of France, in answer to a memorial of the Protestants in that country, praying for permission to exercise the rights of conscience in matters of religion, replied through his Minister of worship "that he recognizes the right of liberty of conscience in his subjects, but not liberty of worship." Most liberal monarch.

The Biters Bitten.—At New Britain, Connecticut, a few evenings since, a Mr. Fairchild had his wagon stopped by three men, who demanded his money. Instead of giving it, he seized a pair of cow-hide boots lying in his vehicle, with which he knocked one man down. He then stretched out another of them with a blow of his fist, and the third fled.

Italian Enterprise.—The first locomotive ever constructed in Italy, left the factory at Sampier d'Arena, (Piedmont,) on the 20th of December last.

Sale of Moose Deer.—The Bangor (Me.) Mercury says that two live moose were sold at auction in that city, on Thursday of last week. One of them, broke to harness, brought $53; the other $34.

A Terrific Sneeze.—A young lady of Bridgeton, New York, while in the act of sneezing, came near dislocating her neck; she was insensible for some hours, and had it not been for the skill of the surgeon, who was immediately sent for, life would soon have been extinct.

Canal Around Niagara Falls.—The Detroit (Michigan) Advertiser, is urging the necessity of a ship canal around Niagara Falls, on the American side, on the ground that the Welland Canal has not sufficient capacity to do the work that is to be done, more especially when the Saut St. Marie Canal is opened—and when the reciprocity treaty goes into full effect.

A Chance Shot.—Azro Shippel, of Shrewsbury, Vermont, fired into a cleft last Wednesday week, not knowing the character of the game, and to his surprise found that he had killed a large bear. Three other bears then made their appearance, and a chase ensued, resulting in the capture of two, though not until all the sportsmen in that region had turned out to aid in the chase.

Cheating All Round.—The Boston (Massachusetts) Times sums up the late foreign news thus: "Austria is cheating the Allies—Prussia is cheating Austria—and Russia is cheating them all."

A Snake in the Stomach.—The Petersburg (Virginia) Express gives what purports to be an account of the ejection of a live snake from the stomach of a man named Wade, who during the past summer, was in the habit of slaking his thirst from a rivulet in a field where he was at work. The Express says the snake was almost transparent, had reddish eyes of great brilliancy, and was five and a quarter inches long. Mr. Wade, it is said, had for some time been troubled with a feeling of suffocation and unusual fullness of the stomach.

Bear Hunting in Massachusetts.—A "bear track" was discovered near Greenfield, Massachusetts, week before last, and a party of hunters started in pursuit. After searching one or two days, the expedition was abandoned by all except a single man, who had been a Western trapper and served in the Mexican war. The game was finally driven under a barn. Dogs were sent in, until at length Bruin was driven from his hiding-place, and again took to the field, and assumed the shape of a large Newfoundland dog.

A Welsh Patriarch.—There has just been interred at Blaina Church, South Wales, the body of William Rees, aged 104 years. The deceased was a hard-working man at his profession as a "baller," which is the heaviest department in an iron manufactory. He was also remarkable for his moderate living. He could see to read his Bible in his hundredth year, and dress himself and take his food up to his death. He lived with his daughter, who is the mother of sixteen children, and whose age is 66 years. Her husband is 72 years old.

Pretty Cold.—On Tuesday week, at Gotham, on the White Mountains, the mercury in the thermometer was within one degree of the point at which it becomes congealed. This is considerably colder than we have had it, but not near so cold as the polar regions, where, according to Doctor Kane, sweet oil had to be sawed, and brandy split with a hatchet.

Sydney Smith's Memoirs.—The memoirs and letters of the Rev. Sydney Smith, privately printed by his daughter, Lady Holland, will be published in London, it is said, with certain omissions, early in the present season. The few who have been permitted to see the work have expressed themselves delighted with the letters.

Etymological.—The Illinois river receives its name of *Illini* a confederacy of Indians consisting of Kaskians, Cahokies, Peorians, Michiganians and Tomorias, who speak the Miami language, and no doubt were branches of that nation. According to father Henepin, the word *Illini* signifies "a perfect and accomplished man."

Cranberries of the North-west Coast.—Large quantities of cranberries are found on the shores of Puget's Sound, in Washington Territory, and are shipped to San Francisco, California, arriving there in eight days' passage.

Public Execution in Illinois.—The Galena (Illinois) Jeffersonian relates the following occurrences at the execution of Taylor:—"One man was drowned in crossing the Mississippi opposite Dubuque, another was killed by a blow upon the head received near the place of execution, by a team running away. A mother fell from the fence near the scaffold with a child in her arms and broke its arm; another woman's foot was crushed in going to the execution, and she, poor creature, indifferent to the pain, wept bitterly because *"she couldn't see the man hanged!"*

Sugar-Coated Brandy.—Since the revival of the Liquor Law mania a new sort of confectionary has come into existence. The article is a kind of drops which contain a thimbleful of brandy apiece. These Maine Law drops are an ingenious device, which will doubtless be provided for by a new "claws" (clause) the moment the State Committee and their two legal draughtsmen are notified of their appearance."—*Boston Chronicle.*

Guano.—Some idea may be formed of the immense amount of trade in this article, from the fact that there is constantly employed in it 100,000 tonnage of shipping—and the daily yield averages 1,200 tons. The selling price is fifty dollars a ton, which makes the daily cost for Guano $60,000, or $21,900,000 annually.

Queen Pomare.—We read in the *Courrier de Havre*,—"It is thought that Queen Pomare, during her sojourn in Paris, will reside with M'me Bruat, with whom she formed an intimate friendship during the two or three years that Admiral Bruat commanded on the station of Oceanica. M'me Bruat had acquired a certain authority over the Queen by her intelligence, her education and her knowledge of the world, but nevertheless, says the uncle of that lady, my niece could never prevail on the fantastic sovereign to adopt the use of shoes and stockings. She wore the dresses sent from Paris, and the handsome head-dresses given her by M'me Bruat, but she walked about the saloon bare-footed."

Fires in January.—During the past month of January, very near forty fires occurred in the U. States, where the loss exceeded $10,000, and the aggregate loss exceeds $1,000,000.—The New York Journal of Commerce, in recording these facts, adds that eighty lives were lost in these fires.

The Jews in Poland.—The recruiting amongst the Jews, and the carrying off (for the military schools) of Jewish children aged from eight to ten, cause amongst that class of inhabitants in Poland, indescribable terror and desolation. In all the towns and villages near Kielce, nothing but weeping and lamentations are to be heard.

A Russian and an English Regiment.—The courage of an English army is the sum total of the courage which the individual soldiers bring with them to it, rather than of that which they derive from it. When I was at Naples, a Russian and an English regiment were drawn up together in the same square. "See," said a Neapolitan to me, who had mistaken me for one of his countrymen, "there is but one face in that whole regiment; while in that (pointing to the English) every soldier has a face of his own."

British Postage Labels.—Since the introduction of the postage labels into Great Britain for the payment of postage, not less than 350,000,000 of the "heads" have been manufactured, sold and obliterated.

Large Export of Lead.—Galena exported last year 27,285,000 lbs. of lead.

Another Lump.—Now that the miners are supplied with water from the recent rains, large lumps and big strikes are becoming almost too common in this county, says the Shasta Courier, to warrant chronicling. On Friday, we were shown by Mr. Tracy, of Adams & Co.'s Express a very beautiful specimen, weighing 23 oz., pure gold. It was taken from the claim of E. Hoge & Co., on the east fork of Clear Creek.

Retail Prices at San Francisco.—Geese sell in San Francisco market at $10 per pair. Ducks are the same. Turkeys from $1 to $1.25 per pound. Butter is from 75 cents to $1 per pound, and eggs $1 per dozen. Cheese, 50 to 75 cts. per pound. Apples have been sold at prices from $3 to $5 per apple—the lowest prices being one bit (a dime) each.

A few days ago, a young lady of Cincinnati, Ohio, who had received an offensive valentine, suspecting a neighboring bachelor of having a hand in the matter, took a convenient opportunity in the afternoon, while he was passing an alley entrance overlooked by the window, of emptying the contents of a slop bucket over his devoted head.

We learn that Mr. John Lomas, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is preparing for publication a memoir of Louis Napoleon's residence in New York. A curious article on this subject was published by Mr. Lomas, while editor of the Brooklyn Advertiser, two or three years ago; and judging from that specimen of his personal recollections of Louis Napoleon's adventures in this country, some curious revelations may be expected.—*N. Y. Spectator.*

The Maine-Law Movement in Europe.—Emperor Louis Napoleon has, by a sudden *coup de main*, enforced almost a Maine-Law in France. Finding that bread was growing scarce and high, and famine and its rebellion were imminent, he laid the strong hand of his imperial will upon the distillation of grain, and silenced their seething work of destruction.

Musical Instruments.—The number of musical instruments manufactured in Saxony is truly enormous. Two small villages (Neukichen and Klingenthal) alone send off yearly about 10,000 dozen of violins, at 30,000 thalers; 200 dozen at 8,000 thalers; 500 dozen at 4,000 thalers; 300 dozen at 2,000 thalers; 10 dozen at 500 thalers; altogether 12,610 dozen violins at 44,500 thalers. They also export 2,643 dozen of guitars, at 32,800 thalers; 600 double basses at 4,000 thalers; 2,000 violoncellos at 8,000 thalers; and strings to the amount of 60,000 thalers. The greater part are sent out of Germany, but where in all the world 31,700 guitars, manufactured annually, go to, we are at a loss to find out.

Governor Pollock has about twenty offices to dispose of, and it is said that there are about one thousand applicants. The same patriotic love for public place seems to predominate in every party.

Antediluvian.—The San Joaquin Republican says:—"We were shown, yesterday, by Mr. Drew, Deputy County Surveyor, some wood, now in our possession, that was raised from the bottom of the Artesian Well, at a depth of 335 feet. The wood partakes more of the appearance of semi-preservation or approaching petrifaction than that of decay. The grain resembles cedar or oak, and has the appearance of being torn from the side of a log. It is embedded in white sand, through which the augur is now passing.

Agricultural Labor appears to be much in demand, and the wages good. Mr. F. L. Olmstead of Staten Island, desiring to facilitate the transfer to the country of the unemployed of the cities, for the purpose of ameliorating their condition, addressed a circular to the farmers of the Northern States, calling for information in regard to the wages of labor, the demand for hired workmen, the cost of board, the kind of food, &c., and the chances of their ultimately becoming employers and owners of land. His replies came from nineteen different States and eighty-eight different sources, from Maine to Texas and Iowa; each person usually speaking for the district around him. It appears that seventy-nine, out of the eighty-eight responses to the circular call for more laborers, and seventeen demand them pressingly. As respects wages, the average rate through the country districts, is $136.50 by the year, and $13.50 by the month, in the summer months, board provided by the employer, and seventy-five cents a day with board, when hired by the day. The highest wages given are $240 per annum in Iowa; $230 in Michigan, and $220 in Illinois. The highest in the Northern States is in Connecticut, $100. The lowest is in Maryland, $90; and New York, $85 to $100. The average cost of board is about $1.75, which in all cases is paid by the employer. No able-bodied, healthy person need starve while labor at prices even half the above rates, can be had.

Release of Booth and Rycraft at Milwaukie.—Booth and Rycraft, recently found guilty before the U. S. Circuit Court, at Milwaukie, of aiding in the escape of a fugitive slave, were about to be imprisoned, when the Supreme Court of the State issued a *habeas corpus*, commanding the U. S. Marshal to bring the parties before that Court. Nearly a thousand persons assembled to escort the prisoners. The church bells were rung, and the procession, with a band of music, marched through the city to the cars, greeting on their way the residence of the U. S. Judge, with groans and hisses. The parties were put into the cars and sent to Madison, where the Supreme Court is sitting, and after a hearing, were discharged. One of the Judges took the ground that the Fugitive Act was unconstitutional. The other two said that it had not been proved that the slave had been rescued—one of the two withholding his opinion as to the Constitutionality of the law.

Singular Accident.—A young man, employed in the post-office, lost the little finger of his right hand in a very singular manner, this morning, through the instrumentality of a gold ring. In the newspaper distribution department, strong iron hooks are placed beneath the boxes, upon which the mail-bags are suspended preparatory to being filled. In hastily stepping down from a box, upon which he had mounted for the purpose of arranging the papers, the ring accidentally caught on one of the hooks, and the whole weight of his body being suspended by the unfortunate digital, the finger was torn from the hand and fell upon the floor, while the ring, drawn into an oval shape, remained on the hook.—*Dispatch, 27th.*

How they Sound a Fire Alarm in Stockholm.—An American writing from Stockholm, Sweden, says:

"Fire is a rare occurrence here, almost every house, even the very poorest, being built of stone; consequently, when it does occur, there is great excitement. Along every street a man goes beating a drum violently, and every house is obliged by law, to send a barrel of water, which stands ready in each court-yard. This rather slow and primitive method of extinguishing conflagrations, would scarcely answer in our tinder-box towns."

POLITICAL NEWS.

Mr. Cass on the Right of Instruction.—The Michigan Legislature recently instructed the Senators of that State, to right-about-face on the Slavery question—or resign. The following is a synopsis of Mr. Cass's speech in the Senate relative thereto. He said:—

The Democratic party has lost its ascendancy in Michigan, and these resolutions are the result of the action of the new party. I am now instructed to vote to deprive the American citizen in the Territories of the power to regulate the relations between master and servant, and for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Act, which was passed to give effect to the solemn guarantee of the constitution. I shall neither obey their instructions nor resign my seat. If a political party, whoever, by whatever combinations it attains power, can compel its opponents, holding legislative trusts, to violate their conscience and consistency, or resign their position, it would radically affect the organization of the Senate, and be incompatible with its office as the representative branch of the sovereignty of the States. The Senate would lose every characteristic of permanence, as power was transferred from one party to another. This would operate against the Democratic party, for their opponents do not recognize the right to instruct. The intolerable proscription which is advocated by the new party would exclude from political confidence the first General who fell at the head of an organized American army at Quebec, because born across the Atlantic, and the last surviving Signer of the Declaration of Independence, because he was a Catholic. The adoption of either measure recommended by the Legislature of Michigan would be the signal for the breaking up of this Government, and the dissolution of this confederacy. There are many honest men who scout all idea of danger, and are prepared to sacrifice the structure of freedom to one overpowering impulse. I shall remain in the position I now occupy till the end of my term, *unless the Democracy of Michigan shall require me to act against my convictions of duty.* What I fear above all things is, that the people may be struck with judicial blindness, with which the nations are punished for national offences, and thus add to the melancholy list of the people who had not wisdom enough to appreciate the value of free institutions, nor virtue and firmness enough to maintain them.

Gen. Wilson Defining his Position.—There has been much dispute in the political papers of Massachusetts and other States relative to the sentiments of the U. S. Senator just elected from that State by the Know Nothing Legislature. General Wilson was at an abolition meeting in Boston on Friday night week, and he defined his position himself by endorsing the views of the lecturer, Mr. Burlinghame. Mr. W. says:

In public or in private life, in majorities or in minorities, at home or abroad, I intend to live and to die with unrelenting hostility to slavery on my lips. I have no compromises anywhere, at home or abroad; I shall yield nothing of my anti-slavery sentiments to advance my own personal interests, to advance party interests, or to meet the demands of any State or section of our country. I hope to be able to maintain on all occasions these principles, to comprehend in my affections the whole country and the people of the whole country—and when I say the whole country, I want everybody to understand that I include in that term Massachusetts and the North.

The sentiments uttered by Mr. Burlinghame, and "endorsed" by Mr. Wilson, were as follows:—

1st. Repeal the Nebraska Bill; 2d, repeal the Fugitive Slave Law; 3d, abolish slavery in the District of Columbia; 4th, abolish the inter-State slave trade; next he would declare that slavery should not spread to one inch of the territory of the Union; he would then put the government actually and perpetually on the side of freedom—by which he meant that a bright-eyed boy in Massachusetts should have as good a chance for promotion in the navy as a boy of one of the first families of Virginia. He would have our foreign consuls take side with the noble Kossuth, and against the papal butcher, Bedini. He would have judges who believe in a higher law, and an anti-slavery constitution, an anti-slavery Bible, an anti-slavery God! *Having thus denationalized slavery, he would not menace it in the States where it exists, but would say to the States, it is your local institution; hug it to your bosoms until it destroys you.* But he would say you must let our freedom alone. (Applause.) If you but touch the hem of the garment of freedom we will trample you to the earth. (Loud applause.) This is the only position of repose, and it must come to this. He was encouraged by the recent elections in the North, and he defended the "new movement," which, he said, was born of Puritan blood, and was against despotism of all kinds. This new party should be judged, like others, by its fruits. It had elected a champion of freedom to the United States Senate for four years, to fill the place of a man who was false to freedom and not true to slavery. For himself he could say that so long as life dwelt in his bosom, so long would he fight for liberty and against slavery. In conclusion he expressed the hope that soon the time might come when the sun should not rise on a master nor a slave.

Pennsylvania.—The Lancaster city election was a victory to the American party. Jacob Albright, who was elected Mayor by 274 majority, was their candidate, while Kieffer, who was beaten, was the Fusion (Whig and Democratic) candidate. The Americans have also elected most of their other candidates in three of the wards. The vote for Mayor was:—Albright, 1,197; Kieffer, 923.

Declined.—Mr. Breckenridge, after consultation with his friends, has declined the Spanish Mission. Ex-Senator Dodge, of Iowa, has been appointed and confirmed.

Illinois.—Resolutions endorsing the Compromise measures of 1850, have been rejected in the House by a vote of 50 to 10; and resolutions condemning Senators Douglas and Shields and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise adopted by 37 yeas to 27 nays. The Prohibitory Liquor Law, which was returned by the Senate to the House, with amendments, which have been concurred in by the latter branch, has finally passed by a vote of ayes 51, nays 17.

Joint resolutions have also been passed, instructing the Senators and requesting the Representatives to oppose slave States being formed in the territories of Kansas and Nebraska.

Lyman Trumbull (Anti-Nebraska Democrat) was elected U. S. Senator, for six years, in place of Gen. Shields.

Gen. James Shields is announced as a candidate for Congress in the Eighth District, made vacant by the election of the Hon. Lyman Trumbull to the U. S. Senate.

Indiana.—A Prohibitory Liquor Law, similar to the original Maine Law, has passed the Indiana Senate, and it is said will pass the House.

New York.—W. H. Seward has been re-elected U. S. Senator, by the following vote:

Senate—Wm. H. Seward, 18; D. S. Dickenson, 5; Wm. F. Allen, 2; and five others one vote each.

House—Seward, 69; Dickenson, 14; Seymour, 13; Hunt, 8; Dix, 7, and 11 scattering.

Wisconsin.—Chas. Durkee (Anti-Nebraska Dem.) has been elected U. S. Senator. Chas. Durkee had 54; Byron Kilbourn 33; scattering 15. Kilbourn was the regular Democratic Caucus nominee, but he was unable to unite all the fragments of the party.

A New Bullet Extractor.—An Englishman by the name of Miles has constructed an instrument which it is thought will insure comparative ease, rapidity and safety, in the process of extracting bullets from wounds. It is thus described:

"The contrivance consists of a small air-pump and cylinder, to which a tap is affixed. To this tap is attached a suitable length of flexible tubing, about a quarter of an inch in diameter, lined inside with silver wire, to prevent its collapsing. At the other end of this tube there is a small globe, from which a tube sufficiently minute to pass into a bullet wound is fixed, the end terminating with an India rubber collar. On the top of the globe there is a small tap, in order to admit a probe to pass down the tube, to sound when on the bullet. The mode of operation is this:—A vacuum is created in the cylinder, the tube before alluded to is passed into the wound, and when it is ascertained to be on the ball, the tap in the cylinder is opened, when the bullet becomes fixed to the tube by the vacuum thus created, and is thus withdrawn. The great merit of this invention consists in its obviating the necessity for the painful and dangerous operation of cutting out bullets, and by its means a medical man, with the aid of an assistant to work the air-pump, would be able to accomplish the work which now occupies many surgeons. When the cylinder is once exhausted, it would extract several bullets without the necessity of again working the air-pump. The Medical Board has given directions to an eminent instrument maker to fit up the apparatus."

A Natural Mistake.—The Rahway (N. J.) Advocate tells the following:—Mr. ——— is one of the "merchant princes" of the Empire City, and though living in one of the most spacious mansions on the Fifth Avenue, his entire family consists of himself and his wife. Meeting a friend from the country one day, he invited him up to view his house. The friend was shown the gorgeous rooms, with tessellated floors, and magnificent frescoed ceilings, and finally taken into the lower rooms, in one of which he found a small regiment of colored servants seated at a bountiful dinner. On his return home, he was asked if he had seen Mr. So-and-so? "Oh, yes!" "What is he doing now?" "Well, when I saw him, he was *keeping a nigger boarding house on the Fifth Avenue!*"

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 175—Adults 68, and children 107.

NEW YORK MARKETS, FEB. 10.

Ashes—The market is quiet at $6,[illegible] for Pots, and $6,[illegible] for Pearls.

Cotton—Since the advices of the steamer has been received, little has been done—market unsettled and prices nominal.

Flour—The market is heavy for the lower grades of State and Western Flour, but steady for other descriptions; demand is light for the city trade and the East. The sales of Western Canal are 3,[illegible] bbls. at $[illegible] for common to good State, $[illegible] for mixed to good brands Upper Lake, Michigan, Indiana, and common to good Ohio, $[illegible] for extra Genesee. Southern Flour is in moderate request and less buoyant; the inquiry is limited to the wants of the trade. Sales of 1,[illegible] bbls. at $[illegible] for mixed to good brands Baltimore, Alexandria and Georgetown, and $[illegible] for favorite, fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour quiet at $[illegible]. Corn Meal dull, and Brandywine offered easier. Sales of Jersey at $[illegible] and Brandywine $[illegible]. Buckwheat Flour firm at $[illegible] per 100 lbs.

Grain—The market is firm for Wheat and the inquiry fair for milling only. Rye is more settled. Sales of [illegible] bushels at $1 25. Oats are in fair request at 55a58c. for Jersey and Southern, and 63a[illegible] for State and Western. Corn is inactive, with little offering. Small sales of New yellow Jersey $1. Southern white and yellow are nominal at $1,[illegible]. Old round yellow is scarce and wanted.

Hops—Are very inactive at [illegible] for growth of 1854.

Provisions—The market is quite firm for Pork, but not very active. Sales of old Mess at $[illegible]; new Mess at $[illegible], and new Prime at $[illegible]. Western Prime Mess at $[illegible], and City do at $[illegible] and clear at $[illegible]. Beef is in fair request and firmer, the supply is good. Sales of Country Mess at $[illegible], Vermont Mess at $[illegible]; extra do. at $[illegible] and Prime at $[illegible]. Prime Mess is inactive at $[illegible]. Beef Hams are better and in demand at $[illegible].

Whiskey—The market is firmer, the supplies moderate. Sales of 175 barrels at [illegible] cents for Ohio, and [illegible] for Prison; Drudge is held at [illegible], time and interest.

The Other Side of "Glory."—The battles of Alma and Inkerman have been regarded as "glorious victories," and, as things go, no doubt they were. But glory, battle-field glory, alas! has two sides. One is of a character to which "distance" may emphatically be said to lend "enchantment," and on that particular side the British people only have had, till recently, opportunity to look. The other side, however, is beginning to be grimly visible "at home." It was an exhibition the other day at Portsmouth, when the steamer Himalaya arrived back from the Crimea with a whole ship load of the wounded and sick. Some were without eyes, some had one leg left, others no legs at all; arms were wanting where arms should be. There was not a whole physical man left among them; and a ghastly sight it must have been to those who saw it.—*Express.*

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 16, 1855.

REMARKS.—The inclemency of the weather during the past week has materially restricted operations, and there has been but little business doing. Bark is in better demand. Breadstuffs are firmer, in consequence of the continued light receipts and reduced stock, and for Flour, Wheat and Corn, holders have been enabled to realize rather better prices. Coal is in fair request for home consumption, but there is very little demand for shipment. Coffee, Sugar and Molasses have been in limited request, but prices have undergone no change. Fish are unchanged. In Fruit there is but a small business doing. Hemp and Hides are very quiet. The Iron market continues in the same state of inactivity which we have noted for some time past, and prices are nominal. Lead is scarce. Lumber remains without change. Naval Stores are very quiet, except for Spirits of Turpentine, which has slightly improved. Oils are unchanged. There is no Plaster offering. Provisions continue to come in slowly and meet a limited inquiry. Rice is in fair request at former rates. Cloverseed is lower, and the supplies have fallen off. Tobacco is held firmly. Wool continues very dull. In Freights but little doing. The Atlantic's advices have had no effect upon the market.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts of Flour during the past week have again been exceedingly light, and the stock is quite small. There has been rather more inquiry for export, and prices have advanced 12½c per bbl. Sales of 3,000 bbls standard and good brands at $9,87½a9, including some mixed brands early in the week at $8,75, extra at $9 37½a9,62½, and extra family at $10,37½. At the close holders asked $[illegible] for standard brands. There has been a steady demand for the supply of the retailers and bakers within the range of the same quotations. Rye Flour continues dull, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 300 bbls at $6. Corn Meal continues to meet a very limited demand. Sales of 400 bbls Pennsylvania at $4,25 per barrel.

Inspections of Flour and Meal for the week ending the 8th inst.:

Barrels of	Superfine	8,407
Do	Fine	30
Do	Middlings	71
Do	Rye	336
Do	Corn Meal	654
Do	Puncheons do	[illegible]
Do	Condemned	21
	Total	9,[illegible]

Export of Breadstuffs from the United States to Great Britain and Ireland since Sept. 1st, 1854:

From	Flour. Bbls.	C. Meal. Bbls.	Wheat. Bush.	Corn. Bush.
N York,	77,380	532	155,679	2,719,532
N Orleans,	12,607			39,030
Philada,	5,130	600	14,926	261,978
Baltimore,	2,915		15,[illegible]	69,401
Boston,	91		5,[illegible]	16,000
Other ports,		130		
Total	97,521	1,132	191,101	3,044,[illegible]
Same per'd 1854,	1,000,979	12,390	4,473,679	1,115,72[illegible]
" " 1853,	370,[illegible]		2,600,[illegible]	141,150
" " 1852,	445,[illegible]	1,000	1,094,[illegible]	464,673

GRAIN.—The market is nearly bare of Wheat, and prices have again advanced 3a4c per bushel. Sales of 16 a 14,000 bushels fair to prime red at $2,10a2,15, and white at $2,20a2,25, closing at our highest quotations. Rye has declined 1a2c. Sales of 3,000 bushels at $1,23a1,24. Corn has been in active demand, and prices have again advanced 3c per bushel. Sales of 25,000 bushels yellow at 93a95c, mostly in store and to arrive at the latter rate, and 2,000 bushels at the close at 96½a97c. Oats are dull. Sales of 3,000 bushels at 53½a55c for Pennsylvania, and 50a51c for Southern.

PROVISIONS.—Supplies of all descriptions continue to come forward very slowly. Small sales of Mess Pork at $15 per bbl, cash. There is little or no Prime offering. City packed Mess Beef is held firmly. Small sales for ship stores at $17,50, cash. Bacon—There is but little stock here, and but little doing. Small sales of Hams at 10a13c, as in quality; Sides in lots at 8c, and Shoulders at 7a7½ per lb, 4 mos. In dry salted Meats we notice some further sales of Hams at 9½a9¾c; Sides at 6½c, and Shoulders at 6a6½c, 60 days. Lard—The demand has been limited, but prices are unchanged. Small sales of bbls at 10c, and 300 kegs at 11a11¼ cents per lb, cash and short time. 10,000 lbs in irregular pigs sold at 9½c.

AMERICAN FABRICS.—There has been rather more inquiry for some descriptions of Goods, but prices remain without change. Woollens continue to rule very low.

BARK.—There is more inquiry for Quercitron Bark, and 30 hhds No 1 sold at $27 per ton. In Tanners' Bark nothing doing.

BEESWAX.—Good yellow is scarce, and commands 27 a28c per lb, cash.

CANDLES.—Continue in fair request, without change in prices; sales of 300 boxes Adamantine at 22a26c per lb, on time, as in quality, and Sperm in lots at 30a31c.

COAL.—There is a fair inquiry for home consumption, but the demand for shipment is limited, and prices remain without change. Vessels are scarce, and there are but few cargoes going forward, owing to the ice in the river.

COFFEE.—The market has been very quiet during the past week, but prices remain without change. Small sales of Rio at 9¼a10½c, and Java at 13c per lb, on time.

COTTON.—Supplies continue to come forward slowly, and the stock on sale is extremely light. There has been a good demand, partly on speculation, and prices are well maintained. Sales of 800 bales Upland at 8a11c per lb, on time. There is little or no New Orleans offering.

MOVEMENTS OF COTTON.

Total receipts from Sept. 1, 1854,		bales	1,247,[illegible]
" "	1853,		1,322,[illegible]
Decrease.			75,[illegible]
Total exports to Great Britain,	1854,		610,[illegible]
" "	1853,		386,[illegible]
Increase.			224,[illegible]
Total exports to France,	1854,		13[illegible]
" "	1853,		143,[illegible]
Increase.			[illegible]
Total exports to foreign ports,	1854,		[illegible]
" "	1853,		[illegible]
Increase			215,[illegible]

DRUGS AND DYES.—There are no changes to notice in prices. Small sales of Soda Ash at 2¼a3¼ cts; Oil of Lemon at $4; Bleaching Powders at 3½c, and Liquorice Paste at 21a23c per lb, on time.

FEATHERS.—The demand has been limited, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 3a4,000 lbs good Western at 42 a43c per lb, short time.

FISH.—There are no Mackerel arriving, and the stock is small and steadily becoming still further reduced. Small sales from store at $19,50 per bbl for large No 1, $12 for No 2, and $9,50 for No 3. Small Fish are scarce. Codfish and Herring sell only in small lots at $3,75 for the former, and $4 per bbl for the latter.

FRUIT.—There have been no arrivals of foreign Fruit this week. The market is exceedingly quiet, but prices remain without change. The only transactions reported in foreign are small lots from store at our last quotations. Dried Apples sell in lots at 5½a6c per lb. Peaches are dull at our last quotations. Cranberries are not very abundant. Sales at $9,50a11 per bbl, as in quality.

GINSENG.—Is scarce and no sales have been reported.

GUANO.—The sales have been only in small lots at former rates.

HEMP.—Is held firmly, but there is very little stock here to operate in.

HIDES.—Sales of 1,500 Caracas at about 17 cts, and Salted Western at 11c per lb, on time.

HOPS.—Continue in limited request; small sales of new Eastern and Western at 35 [illegible] per lb.

INDIGO.—Small sales of Bengal at $1 20a1,25 per lb, on time.

IRON.—The market continues dull, and the only sales reported is a lot of Forge at $25 per ton, 6 mos, and 1,000 tons on terms not made public. In Blooms and Scotch Pig nothing doing. Bar and Boiler Iron sell slowly at former rates.

LEAD.—But little offering; 60 tons Soft English were purchasing in a neighboring market at 6½c per lb, cash.

LEATHER.—There is a good demand for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather.

LUMBER.—There is but a small business doing, and prices remain without change. A lot of Laths sold at $2 per M.

MOLASSES.—The market has been very quiet, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 100 bbls New Orleans at 29c, on time, and some New York Syrup at 30c, cash.

NAVAL STORES.—The transactions have been limited. Spirits of Turpentine has slightly improved, and sells in lots at 43a46 cts per gallon. In Rosin, Tar and Pitch the sales have been confined to small lots from store.

OILS.—Prices are steady for all descriptions of Whale Oil, but the sales have been confined to retail lots from store. Lard Oil is dull, and Linseed Oil meets a very limited inquiry.

The following are the Imports of Sperm and Whale Oil and Whalebone into the United States for the week ending the 5th inst.:

	Bbls Sp.	Bbls Wh.	Lbs Bone.
From Jan 1 to date	2,380	700	
Same time last year	3,[illegible]	9,[illegible]	60,[illegible]

PLASTER.—There is none arriving, and little or none here.

RICE.—Is in fair demand, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 150 casks at 4½a5c per lb, including some lots to arrive.

SEEDS.—The receipts of Cloverseed have fallen off, and at the close it is in better demand. Sales of 500 bushels prime at $6,50 per 64 lbs, and small lots from wagons at $6,25. Timothy is scarce. A lot of prime Ohio sold at $3,50. The market continues bare of Flaxseed, and it is wanted at $1,85 per bushel.

SPICES.—No transactions worthy of notice.

SPIRITS.—There is a steady demand for Brandy and Gin at former rates. N E Rum sells in lots at 38c. Whiskey is firmer at the close. Sales at 30a33c in both hhds and bbls, closing at the latter rate.

SUGAR.—The market has been quiet, and the only sales reported are 250 hhds of New Orleans at 5a5½c per lb, on time.

TALLOW.—There is a steady demand for Rendered at 11½a12c per lb, cash, for Country and City Rendered.

TEAS.—The demand has been limited, but prices are firm for all descriptions.

TOBACCO.—Is held firmly, and the stock of both Leaf and Manufactured is now materially reduced.

WINES.—The sales have been unimportant.

WOOL.—The market continues dull, but prices are unchanged. The week's sales foot up 150,000 lbs, from 25 up to 45c per lb, the latter rate for prime Saxony.

FREIGHTS.—But little doing. We quote to Liverpool Flour to per bbl; Grain 7d per bushel, and Provisions 20s per ton. To San Francisco 35a40 cts per foot are the giving rates. In Coal Freights nothing doing.—*Inquirer.*

HAY per 100 lbs—Timothy 75a80c; Clover 75a80.

HEMP—American Dew Rot $[illegible] per ton, do Dressed $[illegible]; Manilla per lb 14½c.

LIME per bushel 18a40c.

BUTTER, CHEESE, &c.—Butter, Firkins, 18a14c; No 1 in kegs, 10a13; do Roll 15a20; Lard, Jersey, 11½; Western keg 10½a11½c; do bbl 9½a10c; Grease do 6½a7; Cheese, Ohio, 10a11c per lb; New York, 11a12. Mercer Potatoes, $1,30a1,35 per bushel.

RAGS—Country mixed 4½a4¾c per lb.

SALT—Liverpool, ground, [illegible]; do in sacks, $1,[illegible]; do in sacks (fine) $1,87½a1,75; St. Martins, 55; Turk's Island, 58.

SOAP, Brown and Yellow, 4½a7½c per lb; White 9a 10½; Castile 11a12.

TOBACCO—Cuba 18a35c per lb; Kentucky 6½a9; do Maysville, 5½a9; Maryland, 5a9; Virginia 5a9; Pennsylvania Seed Leaf, 6a15; Connecticut Seed Leaf, 6a20; Manufactured Nos 1, 2, and 3, 14a25.

COAL—Cargo prices cash—Schuylkill W Ash $[illegible] a5,00; do Broken and Egg $5,50a5,75, do Red Ash, lump, $5,50a5,75, do Broken and Egg $5,50a5,75; Lehigh lump, $6; do Broken and Egg $6; do, by retail broken, $6,25; do Schuylkill Red Ash $6; Allegheny Bituminous, bushel, 15a17c.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER.
No. 66 South Fourth Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing steady:

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 per ct '56	109½	—
" " '67	116½	117
" " '68	116½	117
" 5 " '65	103½	105
Int. off.		
Phila 6 per ct	90½	91
" 5 "	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cam City 6 per ct	90	90
Pitts. 6 per ct	75	78
" 5 c'upon	79½	81
Alleg'y city 6 pr ct	75	79½
" county	75½	76
Alle co R R 6's	64	66
Penna 6 per ct '70	91	95
" 5 "	85½	86
" " coupon	90	91
Tenn 6 per ct	91	94
" 5 "	[illegible]	[illegible]
" " coupon	91	92
Cincin 6 pr ct	91	96
Kentucky 6 pr ct	101	100
Illinois 6 "	—	—
St Louis 6 pr ct	88	90
Texas Rev Notes	55	60
Penna R R 6 pr ct		
1st mort	97	97½
C&Am R R 6 pr ct	89	[illegible]
Sch Nav R R "	64½	66
P G & N R R "	—	90
Reading R R "	90	92½
" Mort "	86	87
H & Lan R R "	90	91
P & P R R 7 pr ct	79½	[illegible]
Ches Val R R "	35	[illegible]
Tenn R R "	75	90
Phil Wil & Bal	96	97
'60 R R 6 pr ct	—	—
Long I R R "	72	73
Sch Nav '76 "	75	75½
Lehigh Nav "	94	96
" Mort "	95	96
C & D C	75	[illegible]
Sus & Tid '78 "	63½	64
RAILROAD STOCKS.		
Cam & Am	137	138½
Penna	[illegible]	44
Rea Mdw	43	43½
Phil Ger & Nor	55	56½
Reading	19¾	20
" preferred	—	—
Minehill	61	[illegible]
Har & Lan	96½	[illegible]
Phil & Sun	—	—
Chester Valley	9¼	9½
Tioga	33	—
" preferred		
P W & Balt	26	27
Sun & Erie		
Long Island	16½	16½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Schuyl Nav	20¼	21½
" pref'd	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lehigh Nav	60	60½
Morris	14½	15
" pref'd	90	95
C & Del	—	—
Union	10½	10½
Sus & Tidewater	10	11
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	165	167½
Penna	113	114
Philada	123	125
Far & Mec	67½	67½
Commercial	60	60
N Liberty	64	65
Mechanics	26	26½
Southwark	71	—
P Township	[illegible]	[illegible]
Kensington	60	—
Girard	11	11½
Western	63½	64
Man & Mechs	30	31
Commerce	60	[illegible]
Tradesmen's	60	—
United States	1½	3
Pittsburg	56	57
M & M Pitts	[illegible]	[illegible]
Exch'ge Pitts	57	60
Kentucky	106½	[illegible]
Northern, Ky	105	106
Louisville, Ky	160	—
Farmers, Ky	95	96
Union, N'ln, Tenn	75	—
Plant's, Tenn	95	[illegible]
Gen & E Vicks	[illegible]	10
N O Gas Lt	107	109¾

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb 2.—The receipts of Beef Cattle have been again small, and next week will show a still further falling off, in consequence of the impeded state of the roads—1,200 head only having been offered. They were mostly sold at $8a11 per 100 lbs for inferior and prime qualities. Only a few were purchased for New York. Cows and Calves meet with a limited inquiry at former prices. The offerings of Hogs have been about 400 head, and they were mostly sold at $6,37a7,50. Sheep and Lambs meet with fair inquiry. Sales of 900 head at $3 to 5,50, according to quality.

M'LANE'S VERMIFUGE.

☞ No remedy ever invented has been so successful as the great worm medicine of Dr. M'Lane. All who have used it have been equally astonished and delighted at its wonderful energy and efficacy. To publish all the testimonials in its favor would fill volumes; we must therefore content ourselves with a brief abstract of a few of them.

Japhet C. Allen, of Amboy, gave a dose to a child 6 years old, and it brought away 83 worms. He soon after gave another dose to the same child, which brought away 50 more, making 133 worms in about 12 hours.

Andrew Downing, of Cranberry township, Venango county, gave his child one tea-spoonful, and she passed 177 worms. Next morning, on repetition of the dose she passed 113 more.

Jonathan Houghman, of West Union, Park county, Ia., writes that he is unable to supply the demand, as the people in his neighborhood say, after a trial of the others, that none is equal to Dr. M'Lane's Vermifuge.

Messrs. D. & J. W. Colton, of Winchester, Ind., happened last spring to get some of this Vermifuge. After selling a few bottles, the demand became so great for it that their stock was soon exhausted. They state that it has produced the best effect wherever used, and is very popular among the people.

☞ Purchasers will be careful to ask for Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Vermifuge, and take none else. All other Vermifuges, in comparison, are worthless. Dr. M'Lane's Vermifuge, also his celebrated Liver Pills, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in the United States and Canada. 47

ALMANAC.

Feb. 1855.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	High water.	Moon's phases. D. H. M.
17 Saturday,	6 41	5 19	9 47	
18 Sunday,	6 40	5 20	[illegible]	
19 Monday,	6 38	5 21	[illegible]	
20 Tuesday,	6 37	5 23	5 15	
21 Wed'sday,	6 36	5 24	6 3	Full 1 10 21
22 Thursday,	6 35	5 25	6 51	Last 9 9 44
23 Friday,	6 33	5 27	7 41	New 16 1 31
24 Saturday,	6 30	5 28	9 33	First 23 16 17

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th of Feb. by the Rev. Chas. D. Cooper, Mr. William B. Buck, to Sallie A. daughter of the late Lieut. J. E. Bispham, U. S. N.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. John Allen, to Miss Ellen Craig.

On the 7th inst. at the United States Hotel, by the Rev. R. Heppersett, Mr. Daniel G. Evans, to Miss Margaret R. Chew, both of Philadelphia.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. David W. Bartine, Mr. Samuel T. Davis, to Mary C. Donely, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. David Magill, Mr. Samuel Orr, to Miss Mary A. Allison, both of Philadelphia.

On the 24th of May, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Samuel P. Fouche, to Miss Nancy Fairhurst, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, Mr. J. Sigmund Riehle, to Anna M. daughter of E. Barber, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, Mr. William Campbell, to Miss Rosanna Griffin.

On the 3d of Aug. by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. A. M. Servick, to Miss Amanda M. Evans, both of the Falls of Schuylkill.

On the 24th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. Nathan Woolley, to Miss Anna Louisa, daughter of Mr. Saml. Husted.

On the 16th of Nov. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Adam Sacks, to Miss Charlotte F. Moore, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. E. Miller, Mr. Jacob Shupherd, to Catharine Hyde, both of Philadelphia.

In Manayunk, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. D. Wistar Morris, Mr. John Hendley, of Trenton, N. J. to Miss Susanna S. Givens, of Manayunk.

In Manayunk, on the 26th Nov. by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. Henry Titlow, Jr. to Miss Sophia Y. Bucher, both of Roxborough.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Geo. Duffield, Edwin D. Hatch, to Miss Emily S. daughter of Chas. W. Warnick, Esq., all of this city.

In Springfield, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Osgood, Rev. Frederick S. Jewell, to Miss Julia A. Chapin, of Springfield.

On the 1st inst. at the Parsonage of the Rising Sun M. E. Church, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. Reuben B. Thompson, to Miss Elizabeth Eves, both of Del county, Pa.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Bomberger, William H. Ash, to Lavinia, daughter of the late Augustus M. Wagner, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. D. Kurtz, Mr. Joseph Towe, to Miss Mary M. Kloss, both of this city.

At Perth Amboy, on the 22d ult. by the Rev. Edward Palmer, Mr. Samuel Jenkins, of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary Coleman, formerly of Nantucket.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th inst. Ellen Reynolds, aged 24 years.

On the 6th inst. Caroline Gelee, aged 26 years.

On the 7th inst. Miss Deborah Wale, aged 71.

On the 7th inst. Mary Ella, daughter of Jas. W. and Catharine J. Crowell, aged 7 years.

On the 8th inst. Sarah Emily, daughter of Alex. and Susan Leedman.

On the 8th instant, Mary, daughter of John and Annie Brady, aged 14 months.

On the 7th inst. Margaret Ward, aged 77 years.

On the 7th inst. John Strain, son of Benj. and Ann Eckert, aged 6 years and 2 months.

On the 6th instant, Edwin S. Stemler, son of Wm. and Hannah A. McDevitt, aged 9 years.

On the 6th inst. Robert Brookings, aged 4[illegible] years.

On the 5th inst. at Upper Providence, Montgomery co. Pa., Peter Mathus, aged 34 years.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. Lydia Ann, wife of W. P. Black, aged 31 years.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. Catharine Callaghan, aged 26 years.

On the 6th inst. Ann, wife of Amby Keough, aged 25.

On the 6th inst. George, son of Levi and Susan Robinson, aged 12 months.

On the 5th inst. Martha A. wife of Jos. P. Dixon.

On the 5th inst. Mary Ella, daughter of Geo. B. and Ellen Ayres.

On the 6th instant, Catharine Shippington, aged 70 years.

On the 5th inst. Catharine, daughter of Jas. and Margaret Caldwell, aged 4 years.

In Camden, N. J. on the 5th inst. Mathew Harrah, aged 35 years.

On the 6th inst. Henry Clark, aged 22 years and 2 months.

On the 5th inst. Emma Matilda, daughter of Geo. W. and Mary Ferson, aged 14 months.

On the 6th inst. James, son of John Strahan, aged 4 years.

On the 4th inst. Mr. Benj. M. Paine, aged 40 years.

At Manayunk, on the 5th inst. Mrs. Ellen Kelly, aged 54 years.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth J. wife of James T. Morgan, aged 39 years.

On the 3d inst. John Strab, aged 61 years.

On the 3d inst. Miss Ann E. Sterry, aged 21 years and 3 months.

On the 3d inst. Mrs. Letitia Cooper, aged 60 years.

On the 6th inst. Mr. Peter S. McCool, aged 21 years.

On the 4th inst. Edward Campbell, aged 22 months.

On the 3d inst. Anna, daughter of Wm. and Elizabeth Lippincott, aged 4 years.

On the 3d inst. Mrs. Delila Nice, aged 77 years.

On the 4th inst. Samuel Miller, aged 53 years.

On the 4th inst. Jacob Albright, son of John and Susan Christman, aged 14 months.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY DREXEL & CO., BROKERS,
No. 22 S. Third St.

PHILADELPHIA, February 17, 1855.

Bank	Rate
PENNSYLVANIA	
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis
Relief notes	par to ¼ dis
NEW JERSEY	
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis
DELAWARE	
Solvent banks	par
Under 5's	¼ dis
Bk Milford	failed
MARYLAND	
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis
Salisbury Havre de Grace Far & Millers	failed
Far & Mec Bk, Kent Co.,	50 dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA	
Exchange Bank	failed
Solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK	
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis
8th Avenue bk	10 dis
Knickerbocker bk	10 dis
Lewis co bk	no sale
James bk	30 dis
New Rochelle	30 dis
Far Bk, Onondaga	30 dis
Mer & Man Bank, Oswego	25 dis
Drovers Bk, Ogdensburg	5 dis
Ka'ga Bk, Buffalo	30 dis
Empire City bk	50 dis
Central bk	10 dis
MAINE	
Solvent banks	½ dis
Mousam river bk	50 dis
Ellsworth bk	60 dis
Ship-builders' bk	75 dis
Bk of Hallowell	5 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
Solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT	
Solvent banks	½ dis
Stark Bk Bennington	60 dis
CONNECTICUT	
Solvent banks	½ dis
Woodbury Bank	50 dis
MASSACHUSETTS	
Solvent banks	½ dis
Cochituate Bank	50 dis
RHODE ISLAND	
Solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Solvent banks	1½ dis
Far Joint Stock Bk	failed
VIRGINIA	
Solvent banks	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
Solvent banks	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solvent banks	2 dis
GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	2 dis
Bk St Mary's	75 dis
Merchants, Macon,	failed
Atlanta,	10 dis
ALABAMA	
Solvent banks	1½ dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA	
Solvent banks	1½ dis
OHIO.	
Solvent banks	1½ dis
Com. Bk, Toledo,	[illegible]
Ohio Savings bk	failed
Bk of Wooster	50 dis
Bk of Norwalk	60 dis
Bk Massillon	failed
Bk of Circleville	[illegible]
Canal Bk, Cleveland	5 dis
City bk of Columbus	5 dis
Mar & Tra Bk Cin	5 dis
Sandusky City Bk	5 dis
KENTUCKY	
Solvent banks	1½ dis
Commercial Bank	failed
Newport Safety Fund	failed
Kentucky Trust Co	do
INDIANA.	
State bk	1½ dis
Small notes	3 dis
Free bks	10 to 25 dis
Bk Connersville	50 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Solvent Free Banks	10 dis
Peoria, Chicago	25 dis
Far Bk, Chicago	25 dis
Union Bk Chicago	25 dis
City Bank do	25 dis
Bank of Naperville	25 dis
MISSOURI.	
Solvent banks	2 dis
TENNESSEE	
Solvent banks	3½ dis
Farmers' and Mechanics', Memphis	failed
MICHIGAN	
Solvent banks	10 dis
Washtenaw	no sale
Erie and Kalamazoo bank	50 dis
Gov'ment Stock bk	no sale
ARKANSAS.	
All bks	no sale
WISCONSIN	
Solvent banks	10 dis
TEXAS	
Commercial and Agricultural bk, Galveston	30 per cent

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots
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Principal office and Manufactory, 120 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

READ THE TESTIMONY.
Certificate of Dr. W. SMITH, of Pine Hill, Richmond County, N. C.
PINE HILL, March 4th, 1854.
Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia—Dear Sir—I have been a subject of Dyspepsia, in its worst form, for the last five years. Such was my condition for twelve months that the physicians and all who saw me said I must die. While in this condition I was carried to the watering places in Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina, but was not benefited by any water to which I was taken. While on my way home I stopped a week at Rutherfordton, a small village in North Carolina, to try the effect of some Chalybeate water in that place. About the last of the week I went into a drug store to get some medicine for my child and myself. There were several of the village physicians in the store, and one of them seemed to take some interest in my case, and, after asking me some questions, said he had been a Dyspeptic, and had been greatly benefitted by the use of "Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters," prepared by you, and he insisted that I would try the Bitters. He, also, called the next day at my room and insisted so much that I would try them that I asked him to get me one bottle. He did it, and I commenced taking it as directed, and I do say I was more benefitted by it than all the water and medicine I had ever taken.

After reaching home, one of my neighbors came to me for a prescription and medicine (he a dyspeptic), and I gave him nearly all the Bitters I had left, which effected much good in his case. He has often called on me for some of the same kind of medicine, saying he was more benefitted by it than any other he had taken, but I have not been able to get any more for him or myself since; will you, therefore, please ship me a dozen, or more as soon as possible. Respectfully yours, W. SMITH.

Dr. E. Hooker, Rogers' Store, Wake Co., N. C., Oct. 24, 1854, says: "Having experienced very great benefit from the use of 'Hoofland's German Bitters,' in Chronic Dysentery and functional derangements of the Liver and its concomitant evils, I am desirous of obtaining a quantity of it for the benefit of my community. You will, therefore, please send a lot, &c., &c."

Certificate of WM. J. ATWOOD.
HUNTSVILLE, Yadkin Co., N. C.
Nov. 1st, 1853.
Dr. C. M. Jackson—Dear Sir—Allow me to express to you my sincere thanks for your discovery of a medicine, which, to say the least of it, has effected a cure, that all other medicines, that I have taken, have entirely failed to do. "Hoofland's German Bitters" have cured me of the most stubborn and aggravated case of the Piles, that, perhaps, ever fell to the lot of man. My case is not a stranger to this community, as I am well known in this and the surrounding counties, and can truly say that my recovery has astounded all my friends and relations, as I had tried everything recommended, and nothing did me any good until I was prevailed upon to try the Bitters. You are at liberty to make any use of this communication, for the benefit of the afflicted, you may think proper. Yours truly,
WILLIAM J. ATWOOD.

These Bitters are ENTIRELY VEGETABLE, they invigorate and strengthen the system, never prostrate it, and can be used for Infants as well as adults. dec30-1y
For sale by respectable dealers everywhere.

NEW AND WONDERFUL
HYGEANA.
Brought Home to the Door of the Million.
A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY has recently been made by Dr. Curtis, of this city, in the treatment of Consumption, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. We refer to "Dr. Curtis' Hygeana, or Inhaling Hygean Vapor and Cherry Syrup." With this new method Dr. C. has restored many afflicted ones to perfect health, as an evidence of which he has innumerable certificates. Speaking of the treatment, a physician remarks: "It is evident that inhaling—constantly breathing an agreeable, healing vapor, the medicinal properties must come in direct contact with the whole of the arial cavity of the lungs, and thus escape the many and varied changes produced upon them when introduced into the stomach, and subjected to the process of digestion. The Hygeana is for sale at all the druggists throughout the country."
—*New York Dutchman of Jan.* 14.
The Inhaler is worn on the breast under the linen without the least inconvenience—the heat of the body being sufficient to evaporate the fluid.
Hundreds of CASES of CURES like the following might be named. One Package of Hygeana has cured me of the ASTHMA of six years standing.
Jas. F. Kimberly, P. M., of Dunsmore, Pa.
I am cured of the ASTHMA of 10 years standing by Dr. Curtis' Hygeana. *Margaret Easton, Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Mrs Paul, of No. 5 Hammond Street, New York, was cured of a severe case of Bronchitis by the Hygeana.
My sister has been cured of a DISTRESSING COUGH of several years standing, and decided to be incurable by her Physicians. She was CURED in ONE MONTH by the Hygeana. *J. H. Guiteau, P. M., Richmond, Me.*
Sold by CURTIS & PERKINS and BOYD & PAUL, No. 149 Chambers St., New York.—Packages sent free by express to any part of the United States for Ten Dollars. RUSSELL & SCHOTT, of the Market Street, and 8 Merchant Street, Philadelphia, will supply the State by the Doz., at the proprietor's rates.
N. B.—Dr. Curtis' Hygeana is the ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE ARTICLE, all others are base imitations, or vile and INJURIOUS counterfeits. Shun them as you would POISON. feb3-3m

Selected Poetry.

ODE TO THE MOON.

[MR. EDITOR:—The Post, a short time since, contained a request from a subscriber, that you would publish a poem, entitled an "Ode to the Moon," to which you replied by requesting a copy of the same. I find one in an old manuscript of my mother's, copied when she was a school-girl at Amherst, Mass., where the author was also a student. Its date is 1823, and the signature S. Graham. It was a prize poem, published in a Boston paper. Like the subscriber, I admire the poem, and would like to see it in the "Post." F. W. C.]

Fair, lovely Moon!—thou speakest not,
Yet thou art eloquent to me;
Oh! that the scenes could be forgot,
Which have been witnessed oft by thee;
But, no; remembrance will not part
With what it once too dearly prized;
The bosom cannot cease to smart,
Whose feelings have been sacrificed.

Years have gone past since thou did'st see
My bosom's too expectant flame;
Changes and grief have pictured me,
But thou art smiling still the same.
A little longer I must brave
Life's gloomy cares and deep repining;
Then thou wilt shine upon my grave,
As placid as thou now art shining.

Oh, lovely Moon! since young and bright
Thou first did'st start thy lonely way,
Millions have gazed upon thy light,
But they are gone—and where are they?
Oh, where are they, who oft of yore,
Lifted the astronomic eye,
Thy hidden mysteries to explore,
And trace the trackless Deity?

Oh, where are they, who from the height
Of Babel's Heaven-aspiring tower,
Pursued thy soft, and pensive light,
Through many a contemplative hour?
Or they of astrologic lore,
Who wandered oft beneath thy beams,
By Tigris' or Euphrates' shore,
In speculation's misty dreams?

Oh, where are they, and who are they,
(For thou did'st light their splendid halls,)
Who revelled life's bright hour away,
In Balbec's or in Tadmor's walls?
Or they who, in ambition's might,
Piled the huge Pyramids, to stand
For ages, mouldering 'neath thy light,
Yet wrote their names on Lethean sand?

Oh, where are they, whose armor's gleam,
All sul'en as they lay at night,
Flashed back thy melancholy beam,
On Ilion's bloody field of fight?
Or they of Rome—the stern—the bold—
Who saw her glory, or her wane,
And deemed not Time should e'er unfold
Such glory and such power again?

Where are the myriads of bright eyes,
And glowing lips, which gave and took
Pledges of love, 'neath gentle skies,
'Neath thy serene and placid look;
And bade thee witness to their truth,
And gazed on thee, because it seemed
Thou wert an orb of love and youth—
Thy pensive light so mildly beamed?

Where are the myriads who have crept
From the rude day's offensive glare,
And poured their grief to thee, and wept,
And wished that life were ended there?
They are not, and no more shall be;
But thou, fair Moon, undimmed by Time,
Still floatest on thine azure sea,
And shed'st thy light on every clime!

Thou gleamest on the Arab's eye,
Cheerest the Hindoo with thy ray—
Lightest the Indian's western sky,
And rude Siberian's lonely way;
On Volga's and on Gambia's shore—
By Plata's broad, majestic stream,
And where Niagara's waters roar,
Thou pour'st thy soft, nocturnal beam.

Mild, pensive Moon! thou art to me
E'en as Religion's holy light—
Dim gleaming from Eternity,
Through Nature's dark and dreary night;
And as thou oft art lost in clouds,
While journeying through Heaven's vaulted dome,
E'en thus the gloom of doubt enshrouds
The trembling light of Faith and Hope.

Oh, I have gazed through many an hour—
Through many a long, long night on thee;
And I have felt thy soothing power
Come kindly o'er my misery;
Oh, I have gazed, and I have thought
How many a heart-loved scene had fled,
How many a hope was turned to nought,
How many a joy and comfort dead.

Oft I have gazed with tearful eyes,
And thought the time would come, when I
Should lay my lonely head, where lies
The dust of those of years gone by;
And there, in silence, be forgot,
When some swift years had onward swept,
And thou should'st smile upon the spot
Where I and all my comforts slept.

And far, far future years should come,
And many generations spring,
And call this dreary world their home,
And feel, as I have felt, the sting
Of sorrow, and the withering blight
Of hopes and expectations wrong
From life, and gaze upon thy light,
And sadly sing as I have sung.

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES BY FANNY FERN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

THE FERRY BOAT.

Steady—steady, good pilot! I am but a poor sailor; the sight of a pail of water in vibration unsettles my latitude and longitude. This way you have of fetching up with a jerk at the pier, is not only riling to the diaphragm, but the temper. Moreover, it is undignified; it often sends me into neighborhoods not at all to my taste; for a hyena is not to be mentioned in the same day with a woman, whose flounces another woman has invaded. The smile, and the "no consequence, sir," so graciously bestowed upon a man, under similar circumstances, it were vain in a female aggressor to expect, and verdant in her to look for.

(But that is not what I was going to say.) On my way down to the ferry, I listened to a long exordium from a friend, on the impropriety and immorality of promiscuous alms-giving to street beggars; most of whom, he averred, were lazy impostors. Revolving these notions in my head, I took my seat in the boat. Soon after the paddle-wheel began to move, a beggar, hat in hand, commenced his rounds; and very afflicted, and very importunate, and very persevering he was. One after another of the passengers gave him a coin, with an air which said, there is no help for it, you have cornered us here. *My* resolution was taken. *I* was not to be cornered; my independence revolted at it; I did not like the man's manner, and I would not be *forced* into giving. So I sat up very straight, looked intently up at the ceiling, and thought of a variety of little things. On crept the beggar—my cheeks began to burn—I looked out the cabin window—we were not half-way to shore—now—he was within one of me—my hand commenced wandering round in the direction of my pocket—not for money—oh, pshaw, no—it must have been for my pocket-handkerchief—but somehow—I can't exactly tell how—the beggar got his coin, not because I was benevolent—or believed him to be deserving; for he was the most impudent specimen of his kind, I ever encountered; but for the little, mean, contemptible reason, that I was ashamed to be seen refusing him!

I had my punishment.

Just as I left the boat, I had occasion to return for my parasol, when I overheard the afflicted beggar remark to a comrade, as he showed him the contents of his hat:—"A good haul, Bill, by cracky—you see I has 'em in a ferry-boat—no dodging round a corner there—now lets have a drink, Bill!"

FANNY FERN.

A STREET SCENE.

A group of emigrants! nothing new, surely, in New York, when every breeze wafts motley crowds to shore. Most of the party are young, hale, and strong, and glad to leap from the rocking vessel, to the soil which rumor calls the poor man's Paradise. On they go, jostled hither and thither, by hurrying foot passengers, gazing bewilderingly about. Strange sights, strange sounds, strange faces all. There is nothing here to remind them of the father-land: how odd the vehicles, how curious the houses, how new the costumes, how indifferent all the busy world to *their* uncertain future.

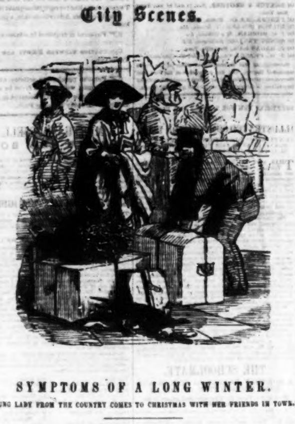
A church, surmounted by a cross, arrests their attention. That appeals to them! Ah! the great loving heart of God beats for His children in all lands, 'neath all skies. The old man reverently uncovers his silver head, the child hushes its gleeful prattle, the rosy maiden checks her merry laugh, and with one accord they all kneel upon the pavement, to render thanks to Him who hath held the winds and waves in the hollow of His hand.

'Tis a sight holy as beautiful! The rushing tide of worldliness that sweeps over this great Sodom, is for an instant stayed. The half-way Christian looks on, and remembers with shame, how the world's myriad clamorous voices have drowned the still small whisper. The prosperous merchant, grown gray in Mammon's service, whose richly freighted ships ride safely on the wave, suddenly thinks of his Benefactor. The restless youth, self-exiled from his quiet mountain home, shorn of his moral strength by the syren Pleasure, recalls the simple, long-forgotten prayer, lisped at his Christian mother's knee.

The best Sermons are not *always* preached under groined arches, and fretted roofs.

FANNY FERN.

City Scenes.



SYMPTOMS OF A LONG WINTER.

(YOUNG LADY FROM THE COUNTRY COMES TO CHRISTMAS WITH HER FRIENDS IN TOWN.)

Polite Railway Official—"Now, then! claim yer luggage, 'ere!"

Young Lady, who is provided against all emergencies—"Three boxes, a carpet-bag, some game, packet of music books, and a bough of mistletoe. And please to be very careful with the mistletoe."

Selected Articles.

THE MORMON ELDER AND HIS WIFE.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune gives the following extract of a private letter from a lady, narrating a true and most touching story of Mormon life:

* * *—"You ask me to give a little more in detail the incident in the cars, that occurred as we were crossing the Alleghanies, of which I briefly spoke when we met. I could not half tell you the story now, after the vividness with which it impressed me has so nearly passed away, and if I could, it would not produce the effect it did upon me. I heard it after weeks of anxiety had weakened my system, when my long and wearisome journey had left me but the strength of a child, and my restless and excited mind seized upon it in all its reality without the melioration always lent to a subject by our own indifference to, and personal disconnection with it. A wrong done to another becomes an outrage when practised upon ourselves. I had, through watching and fasting, become so etherialized as to lose sight of this selfish difference, and to see my neighbor *as* myself. I felt that all womankind had been insulted and sacrificed in the person of 'Margaret.' It was my duty not less than here to avenge it. I could have sent the aggressor tumbling into the gorge of one of those mountain torrents, and considered it but retributive justice.

"The Mormon elder came into our car, near the foot of the mountains, and sat near us. He would have been good-looking if he had looked good. He had a peculiar manner—it indicated such perfect satisfaction with himself and the world. I heard him say he had gone to Salt Lake City before the first furrow had been turned in the ground. I listened, for who is not curious concerning that wonderful exodus? I heard him tell of their great temple, and how it went on stone by stone, and with each the power of the devil grew less and less. How new proselytes came pouring in to swell the host that was waiting 'to receive the Christ when He should come to reign a thousand years upon the earth.' He was a man of no reading. His knowledge was (like Mr. Gradgrind's) confined to 'facts,' but he had a natural gift for conversation, and gave a rapid and skillful outline of his subject in a way that interested you at once. When the night grew dark he came and sat behind us. He had fallen into the hands of a gentleman whose dexterity in questioning, led him on to speak freely of himself, and so gradually they came to the 'peculiar institution.' He said the women seldom cared to marry men of their own age, that their affections inclined toward the priests and elders. This convinced me that if the men are all hypocrites, the women are not wholly so, but that they do this for the exaltation of their souls. My lawyer, (for so I shall call the questioner,) asked whether the women were not jealous of each other, especially the younger ones. The Saint answered, 'No.' 'Some few,' he continued, 'were a little difficult, but it was mostly confined to the young. To be sure his wife felt it when he married a second time, the rest had never cared.' 'Did she care so very much?' continued the lawyer. 'Oh, yes; I thought at first it would have killed her. You see when I became a convert, I did not understand that part of it, because my wife and I had been so happy together. We married early, and had scarcely been a day apart. When I wanted to go to Salt Lake she did not incline to go, because she did not see so clearly as I the truths of our great religion—but the idea of my marrying was no hindrance. It did not occur to her as possible, and it was not for a long time after I got there, that I thought of it myself.'

"'Margaret did not mix with the people. She retained her old Eastern ways, and was always at home. I never let her do much work—her hands were too small for that. She was stately in her form, and she had a queer way of twisting her long hair round her head, so it looked like a crown. The folks said she was proud, and one or two who had daughters asked me why I did not take a wife, and if I were not afraid? So it came upon me gradually, while upon her, you see, it fell like a stroke.'

"'You must have found it difficult to break such a thing to her.'

"'Yes, it was hard to do. But at last I said I will do it on Thursday, and on Thursday evening when I came home, she was standing in the garden, and I went and put my arm around her, and told her how it had been revealed to me that I must marry again.'

"'What did she say?'

"'Nothing. Not one word. She just gave one scream. I declare I shall never get that scream out of my ears. I believe I should hear it if I were on the Andes. I thought I heard it a minute ago.'"

"The sleet rattled against the windows of our car, and the bleak midnight wind swept down the mountains, and I thought I heard it too.

"The Mormon proceeded—'And then she fell like one dead. I thought she *was* dead, but she came to after a while, and, would you believe it, she never mentioned the subject to me. I could not find it in my heart to say a thing about it again for more than five months. Meantime she had taken a cold, and did not get strong again. I saw she was wearing the thought of it about her like a mourning weed, and so, when she seemed a little better, I talked to her about the great principles of our Faith, and how those to whom the Spirit revealed itself must follow its dictates, or be forever cast into Hell. And I told her she need not fear my affection for her would be divided, for I had had a vision, in which it was told me that I should love her forever, and that we should never die, but live together and see the thousand years of Christ's reign upon the earth, and be by Him rewarded for our obedience and willingness now to cast aside our selfish human will and sacrifice to Him.'

"'Margaret was always a true believer. But I had always been wandering in search of a rock of Faith until I anchored here. I had heard from pulpit after pulpit, such conflicting doctrine, I could lay my hand on nothing that seemed secure, and I think she was unwilling to set me adrift again, and so she consented. My parting from her was a dreadful one, for she moaned and wept like one in despair, and——I was fool enough to cry, too.'

"'I don't wonder,' said his interlocutor. 'It is hard wholly to subdue nature, even at the call of duty;' and he gave a low laugh.

"'When I came back,' continued the Mormon, 'it had been just so all the time. She had never eaten and never slept, but only walked up and down, always, hour after hour.'

"'Well, how did she get used to it?'

"'She retained the house I had first built, of course. It was large, and we had no children, and she was very lonely, for I was necessarily much away from her. I went as often as I could, but I married in quick succession two others, and so we were much separated, and she fretted in my absence. At last it was this, or she saw the folly of resisting her fate; she got quiet in her mind—used to it in fact. People *do* get used to anything, you know. When the iron force of circumstances presses them on every side, and they do not know where or how to resist, they at least grow *quiet*. She took it into her head, after a while, that she would not live very long, and she said it was not worth while to be separated so much the little time she was here, and if I pleased, the families might all come and live together. I told her she was sensible, and getting used to things. But she only said something to herself about the collapsing sides of an iron shroud, pressing out her life. It sounded like poetry. She always had a way of picking up such odd things out of books.'

"'Did she get well?'

"'No, not yet. Indeed her cough is rather worse, and she is more feeble, but she seems happy enough. She is very kind to every one, especially the two children, and she *will* get better when the spring comes. I know she will, because it has been revealed to me that she is to live and dwell with me a thousand years when Christ shall reign and judge the world.'"

SIC VITA—SUCH IS LIFE.

At the east end of this aisle—church of St. Mary Overy, London—stands a monument, a portion of whose inscription consists of the first verse of the following beautiful poem, which is thought, and with some probability, to be the production of Quarles.—*Annals of St. Mary Overy, by W. Taylor, p. 99.*

Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had;
Even so is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done!
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man he dies.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like the tale that's just begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan;
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, is there, in life, in death!
The grass decays, the tale doth end,
The bird is flown, the dews ascend,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death: man's life is done!

Like to a bubble on a brook,
Or—in a mirror—like a look,
Or like a shuttle in the hand,
Or like a writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of a stream;
E'en such is man, whose life is breath,
Is here, is there; in life, in death!
The bubble's burst, the look's forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot;
The thought is pass'd, the dream is gone,
The water glides—man's life is done!

THE TRUE WIFE.—She is no true wife who sustains not her husband in the day of calamity, who is not, when the world's great frown makes the heart chill with anguish, his guardian angel, growing brighter and more beautiful as misfortunes crowd along his path. Then is the time for trial of her gentleness, then is the time for testing whether the sweetness of her temper beams only with a transient light, or like the steady glory of the morning star, shines as brightly under the clouds. Has she then smiles just as charming? Does she say, "Affliction cannot touch our purity, and should not quench our love?" Does she try by happy little inventions to lift from his sensitive spirit the burden of thought?

There are wives—nay, there are beings who, when dark hours come, fall to repining and upbraiding—thus adding to outside anxiety the harrowing scenes of domestic strife—as if all the blame in the world would make one hair white or black, or change the decree gone forth. Such know not that our darkness is heaven's light; our trials are but steps in a golden ladder, by which, if we rightly ascend, we may at last gain that eternal light, and bathe forever in its fullness and beauty.

"*Is that all?*" and the gentle face of the wife beamed with joy. Her husband had been on the verge of distraction—all his earthly possessions were gone, and he feared the result of her knowledge, she had been so tenderly cared for all her life! But, says Irving's beautiful story, "a friend advised him to give not sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eyelids until he had unfolded to her all his hapless case.

"And that was her answer, with the smile of an angel—*Is that all?* I feared by your sadness it was worse. Let these beautiful things be taken—all this splendor let it go; I care not for it—I only care for my husband's love and confidence. You shall forget in my affection that you were ever in prosperity—only still love me, and I will aid you to bear these little reverses with cheerfulness."

Still love her! her a man must reverence, ay and liken her to the very angels, for such a woman is a living revelation of Heaven.

A FIRST-RATE LIBRARY.—Young man, have you a good library? No. Why not? I can't afford it. Why can't you afford it? Because I'm too poor. Do you smoke cigars or chew tobacco? Yes. How much do they cost you per annum? A trifle—a mere trifle—only a mere trifle. How much do they cost you each day? Well, as I am very temperate, only about a dime for cigars. At the end of the year, do you feel any better than you would if you refrained from the use of tobacco? No, I can't say that I do.

Well, they cost you each day ten cents; or, a little over thirty-six dollars per annum. Oh, not so much; but stop, let me see—yes, you're right!—thirty-six dollars a year. Now, that sum would purchase a first-rate library; you spend it, for what—aye, for what? Do you comprehend the reason that you are too poor to have a library—do you comprehend the reason?—*Hillsdale Gazette.*

PREACHING.—To preach, to show the extent of our reading, or the subtleties of our wit,—to parade it in the eyes of the vulgar with the beggarly accounts of a little learning, tinselled over with a few words, which glitter, but convey little light and less warmth,—is a dishonest use of the poor single half hour in a week which is put into our hands.—'Tis not preaching the gospel—but ourselves. For my own part, I had rather direct five words point-blank to the heart.—*Sterne.*

Selected Sketch.

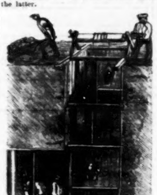
SIEGE OPERATIONS AND FIELD FORTIFICATIONS.

MINING.—Mining is a most formidable element in the art of fortification, and in siege operations, offensive and defensive; and often decides the issue of the conflict, after all the resources of skill above ground have been exhausted. It is a complete species of attack and defence in itself, and may be used to such an extent, and so successfully, by the weaker party, as to neutralize the effect of superior numbers, and superiority of works above ground. One important feature in favor of the use of mining by the besieged, is the comparatively few hands it requires. So long as the garrison is sufficiently strong to guard the posts against surprise, a company of fifty or sixty miners will be sufficient to render the approaches formidable; destroying batteries of attack, one by one, as they are brought to bear, and blowing up the outer works of defence as soon as the enemy obtains footing on them. What is true also of mining in the defence of places, is true also in the attack.—"Mines," says General Monk, "where you may come to make them, are much better than batteries for the taking of towns or castles; because they always prove much more dangerous and terrible to an enemy, by means of their sudden and unexpected operations; and all sudden and unexpected actions are very successful in martial affairs." He adds: "A commander cannot take any place of strength with any certainty or safety without the use both of batteries and mines;" by which, as we apprehend, he means that a commander cannot be certain of being able to take a place without having recourse to the use of mines, just as he cannot be certain of taking it without completely investing it; although many instances have occurred, both before and particularly since Monk's time, of places of great strength being taken without mining, as there have been some, but by no means numerous, of places taken without regular and complete investment.

The strength of mining lies in that which is the prime virtue of all military operations, the secrecy of its workings; and the protection under which, until discovered, those employed at it work. In works of attack it fairly counterbalances the advantages obtained by the concealed ramparts under Vauban's system of fortification; and, if left undisturbed in its operations, may be used to blow up a portion of the very wall of the rampart, or, by means of a subterranean passage, to bring cannon to the very ditch for the purpose of breaching it. But precautions are usually adopted in all permanent fortifications to prevent such methods of approach.

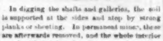
Every completely fortified place is provided with a system of mines, with galleries running not only under different parts of the works, but even beyond them, beneath the exterior ground. The system most generally employed would consist of—1. A gallery running all along under the *banquette* of the covert-way, and called the *counterscarp* gallery. 2. A gallery at the distance of the salient or extreme point of the ravelin, and called the *envelope* gallery; this used formerly to extend all round the work, like the counterscarp gallery, but its position being found to be exposed, it is now generally only laid at the salient angle itself. 3. Between the counterscarp gallery and the envelope are laid galleries called *galleries of communication;* and beyond these, (4) shooting out in all directions, and even beyond the foot of the glacis, *listening galleries* in all directions. The outline of the whole scheme is very similar to that of a spider's web. The object of the first of these positions is to blow up parts of the works upon which the besiegers may have made a lodgment; that of the last, as the name implies, is by means of listening to discover if the enemy are making any approaches by mining; and, if so, to thwart them, by destroying such works. In listening, the ear is applied to the soil; and although the question as to what distance the operations of an enemy may be discovered by this means, cannot be precisely determined, ninety feet may be taken as a safe medium in ordinary soil; and, consequently, listening-galleries should not be further than 180 feet apart.

Taking into consideration the advantage which the besieged have in being thus prepared beforehand with a system of mines, giving them the command over any works of the kind constructed by the enemy, it may be assumed, as a fair position, that whilst in siege operations above ground, the attack has the superiority over the defence; beneath the surface the defence has the superiority over the attack. In a word, generally, mining is of more advantage to the besieged than to the besiegers; and in the case of weak fortifications, weakly garrisoned, this advantage, skillfully and zealously improved, may effectually turn the scale against the latter.



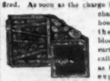
Strictly speaking, excavations made by the besiegers against the place only, are called *mines;* those made by the defenders under their works, or under the works of the besiegers, being distinguished as *countermines.* But it makes the matter clearer to speak of them respectively as *offensive* and *defensive mines.*

The process of constructing a mine is as follows: A square well or shaft is sunk to the necessary depth; and from the bottom of the shaft a gallery is driven out to the place where the mine is to be.



In digging the shafts and galleries, the soil is supported at the sides and atop by strong planks or sheeting. In permanent mines, these are afterwards removed, and the whole interior cased with brickwork. Our engravings show the attitude of the miners in the operation of digging. All mines require ventilation and lighting when in progress. The latter is sometimes effected by means of reflecting mirrors, sometimes by candles—the former, by large bellows, drawing a supply of air through tubing from the outer atmosphere.

The shaft and galleries being thus prepared, the loading of the mine takes place; the necessary charge being placed in a box, and deposited in a chamber dug out from the side of the gallery into the soil. A hose containing powder, called a fuse, (in French a *saucisson*) is then fixed in the box, and laid along the gallery in a narrow wooden trough, (in French called an *auget*) to the place where it is to be fired. As soon as the charge is lodged in the chamber, and the hose-trough fixed, the chamber is blocked up with earth—a process called *tamping*—so as to prevent the explosion from wasting itself laterally in the gallery.



CHAMBER OF A MINE.

The charge put into the mine depends upon the depth perpendicularly, (called the *line of least resistance,*) the nature of the soil, and the nature of the explosion required. When the explosion forms a crater about twice as wide across the top as the depth, the charge is called a *two-line charge,* and the crater a *two-line crater.* Increased charges will give craters having diameters equal to three, four, five and six times the depth, or line of least resistance. A mine loaded with a very great charge of powder, is called a *globe of compression,* from its compressing or disturbing effects upon the ground beyond the sphere of its crater. It is said that a charge equal to a six-line crater will ruin galleries at a distance greater than four times the line of resistance. Hence they are much resorted to by besiegers to destroy defensive mines. Sometimes the mine, after being charged, is filled up with stones, to make the explosion the more destructive.

In destroying an enemy's mine or subterranean work, or to stifle those employed at it, where it is not required that the explosion should extend to disturb the surface of the ground, a much smaller charge is employed, calculated according to the radius to which the explosion is intended to operate. This smothered mine is called a *camouflet.*

FOUGASSES.

An important application of mines is in the defence of field-works. In this case they are of much smaller dimensions than in works of permanent fortification; and they are here called *fougasses.* They are, of course, generally constructed before the weakest parts of the works, or those most exposed to attack, and particularly all salient angles or faces not protected by crossfire; these points being so defended, even if an enemy should have advanced within a few paces of a work, yet they are not, in the smallest degree, nearer becoming masters of it; since, on springing the mines, they are blown up in a moment, which, besides the loss of men, throws the others into the utmost confusion, not suspecting in the least what is prepared for them. To be effectual, this system of defence should be judiciously organized, and upon a scale of some extent. To resist a determined attack by a strong force, the fougasses should be laid in several lines, at appropriate distances from each other; for, should there be only one line, the enemy, on its blowing up, would instantly rush forward in the certainty of not meeting any more obstacles of the same kind. When the garrison is strong enough to permit of sallies, the explosion of mines affords good opportunity for making them with advantage.

The construction of *fougasses* for field-works is much simpler than that of larger mines. At the distance of ten, twelve, or even fourteen feet from the ditch of a work, a pit, or shaft, three feet square, is dug to the depth of six, seven, or eight feet. When the earth is not of a very firm nature, the sides, as in the case of larger mines, are supported with boards or sheeting. When the shaft is of sufficient depth, a square hole is made at the bottom, in that side next the work and extending towards it, in order to form a lodgment for the box of powder. This excavation is called the chamber of the mine. The dimensions of the box holding the powder, fit the height and breadth of the chamber, which should be exactly a cube, whose side is one-sixth part the depth of the shaft. The inside of the box must be a cube, whose side is exactly the ninth part of the depth of the shaft. The cover is not made fast to it; a hole, an inch and a-half square, is cut in the side of the box, about an inch from the bottom, to admit a small wooden tube, intended to conduct the fire to the powder. It appears about an inch on the outside, but reaches quite to the middle of the box within, that the powder may kindle from the centre, which produces the best effect.

In the case of fougasses attached to field-works, galleries of communications, to connect them with the body of the place (as in the case of mines attached to permanent fortifications,) are not necessary. The powder having been buried in its chamber at the bottom of the shaft, the latter is filled up; and the auget containing the saucisson or fuse is conducted to the interior of the redoubt, or other field-works, after being made to pass under the glacis, and across the ditch, either in a small trench dug for the purpose, or over it, supported upon pickets of wood.

OF BATTERIES AND VARIOUS KINDS OF FIRE.

A Battery is a certain number of cannons, ranged side by side, so placed as to direct their fire upon a particular object. There are various sorts of batteries; but it will be sufficient to explain the nature of the principal descriptions.

Batteries of the Field are generally composed of light pieces, therefore called "field-pieces," which are moved in different directions, according to circumstances.

Siege Batteries, on the contrary, are permanent in their arrangement; being placed behind a bank of earth constructed for the purpose, which is called the *epaulement,* and the object of which is to conceal from the enemy the working of the pieces, and protect the men working them. The height of the epaulement is about six feet. The epaulement itself is pierced with cuts, through which the cannons are fired, which cuts are called *embrasures.* The embrasures are made wider on the outer than the inner face of the work, on account of the spreading fire of the cannon, and to prevent the cheeks, or sides, thereof from being destroyed, and also to allow of the cannon being moved round horizontally, according to circumstances—that is to command as wide a range as possible. The portions of the epaulement where it is not cut through with embrasures are called *merlons.*

Siege batteries are divided into batteries *à ricochet,* and batteries in breach.

A Battery *à ricochet* is intended to enfilade a piece of fortification, so that the shot, falling upon a given spot, shall afterwards proceed by leaps and bounds—something after the fashion of a stone skimming the water—and, traversing the whole length of the rampart struck, overthrow everything that opposes its passage. The use of these batteries, which are placed at a certain distance *off* the sides of the works attacked, is principally to destroy or silence the guns of the enemy, so as to allow of the works of approach against the place to be carried on unmolestedly.

Batteries *in breach* are employed to destroy the rampart itself, or make such an aperture in it as to allow of the entrance of the besieging troops. They are, therefore, placed directly opposite, instead of off, the side of the works attacked.

Batteries *en barbette* have an epaulement of only about three feet or less in height, and the guns so placed as to fire over it. These batteries are especially available in situations higher than those of the enemy, which not being commanded by direct fire on a level, the comparatively low epaulement is sufficient protection. Guns *en barbette* have this advantage, that, not firing through embrasures, they may be turned to fire in any direction.

It may be desirable here to explain, for the information of the non-professional reader, the peculiarities of the various modes of firing which are employed in siege operations, and which are spoken of as "direct," "enfilade," "ricochet," "vertical," "pitching," "plunging," &c. *Direct fire* is that which proceeds from a gun pointed at right angles with the face of the fortification, or object attacked; and, of course, is that best adapted for breaching purposes. *Enfilade fire* is that which proceeds from a gun placed in line with the face of the wall, or object attacked; so as to sweep along from end to end of it. *Ricochet fire* differs but slightly from enfilade, or rather a species of it; the only peculiarities being in the charge of powder, which is considerably less than that for a sweeping enfilade, and in the slight elevation given to the gun, by which the shot is made to touch the ground within the enfiladed face, and then to bound along the terre-plain. *Vertical fire* is peculiar to mortar practice; in some circumstances a very terrible mode of attack. Here the mortar being elevated to forty-five degrees, the shells take a bold curve in the atmosphere, and fall within the enceinte of the place besieged, where they burst, scattering destruction around. *Pitching fire* is employed in the case of projecting a shot or shell against a wall or other object, which itself is concealed from view by a mass of earth, or other obstruction. To this end the gun is elevated, so that the ball or shell may fall so as to graze the further side of the obstructing mass, and glance off against the wall or object to be destroyed. *Plunging fire* is that directed from a gun situated on a considerable eminence, and pointed downwards upon an object.

RAISING GRAPES BY STRAW AND WOOL.—In the Magazine of Horticulture for February, a Mr. Simpson gives an account of a successful method of raising grapes, so as to be fully ripe in December and January. Mr. S., is a manufacturer of blankets, and knowing the effect of wool in retaining heat, he determined to try it upon his vines. To retain the heat of the ground in the borders which contained the roots of his vines, he covered them, for a foot in depth, with dry hay. Over the hay he laid what might be called a blanket of waste wool and manure. The heat passed off very slowly from the borders thus protected; as the cold weather came on, the temperature diminished about three degrees a week. On the first of December it was sixty degrees. His grapes became fully ripe under this process in December and January.

FRESH AIR.—Horace Mann has well said: People who shudder at a flesh wound and a trickle of blood, will confine their children like convicts, and compel them month after month to breathe quantities of poison. It would less impair the mental and physical constitutions of children, gradually to draw an ounce of blood from their veins, during the same length of time, than to send them to breathe, for six hours in a day, the lifeless and poisoned air of some of our school-rooms. Let any man, who votes for confining children in small rooms, and keeping them on stagnant air, try the experiment of breathing his own breath only four times over, and if medical aid be not on hand, the children will never be endangered by his vote afterwards.

Wit and Humor.

THE HARD TIMES.

[The following sermon, by the eminent colored Professor, Julius Cæsar Hannibal, contains some very good advice for those white as well as colored brethren who would avoid the Pawnbroker:]

Do subjick ob dis ebenin's discorse am one dat you is all 'quainted wid; one dat you see in many places, in Chatham street, in West-Broadway, and in many ob de little lanes and alleys ob de town. One—no, it am more—in short, it am

"DE TREE GOLDEN BALLS.

"Dar now; dare's no use o' foolin' enny. I haint bin to enny pon-broker, to look in he list fur de names ob enny ob my kongregashun. I know'd nuff widout dat. I nose well nuff dat dare's not an eb-bony mortall here, fe-minine or he-minine, dat hasn't pledged nerly ebberyting he or she's ebber had, except pledgin' dare honor, and dat de pon-broker wouldn't 'low nuffin on. But, to purseed, as de fox said wen de dogs got he scent. As dare am tree balls, I intend to divide my 'scourse into tree heads, 'sides de endin', which I shall call de tail:

"De Fust Ball: Idleness.
"De Sekond Ball: Eggstravagants.
"De Fird Ball: Onest Poverty.

"In de fust place in de beginnin', fustly, De Fust Ball—Idleness. You am all 'shamed to be seen pon-broking enny ting. You creep to de pon-broker in de nite-time, jist like a kill-sheep dog, haut wid a wolly mouf. An' you must have private entrances, an' all dat. Brack dinners! Are you 'shamed ob de reesons wot makes you pon-broke? Are you 'shamed o' goin' to Pete Smiff's seller, an' playin' penny-bluff till you aint a single red to buy clams in de mornin', to begin business wid? Is you 'shamed, I say, foolish niggas, to waste all you elbow-grease and knee-grease, a-dancin' juba all day on de corners, instead ob bein' out white-washin' or lickin' carpets? Is you 'shamed to lay all day in de summer, on de seller-doors in Antony and Leonard streets, and sun yourselfs like a passel ob young Varginny black-snakes on de souf side ob a hill on de Fourf ob July? Are you 'shamed ob dese tings? Ef you ain't, 'taint no use bein' 'shamed o' pon-brokin'! Ef you will play bluff, you must spekt to *only up* your new suit at de Tree Golden Balls; and ef you don't keep off de seller-door, you can't keep your pinchback watch off de pon-broker's shelf.

"In de sekond place, sekondly, De Sekond Ball—Eggstravagants. Does you tink you kin go to de 'Sembly-rooms all de week, at a quarter a nite, wen clams is only eighteen pence a hundred? Does you tink you kin gib a 'possum-supper, wid koon-trimmin's and hominy-fixin's, once a mouf, wen de karpet-season's jist gone out, an' white-washin' ain't come in yet? Tell you wot, deluded children ob darkness, dat if you won't work wen dare's work to do, an' ef you *will* spend more'n you make wile you are a-workin', your good klose an' your sham jewelry will go to de pon-broker-man, an' you lose 'em beyond *redemption.*

"Nexly, I'm a-goin' to gib you de Fird Ball. Dis am Honest Poverty. Now, take notis, eb-boney ignorumpusses, dat out ob de hole tree dare am only wun ball for poverty. Dat meens dat ware dare's wun man 'bliged to git he uncle to help him out o' downright honest poverty, dare am two dat go to him fru idleness and eggstravagants.

"I ain't got nuffin to say agin dis ball. Menny a man dese hard times kan't help heself; an' darfor, sum wun else muss help him. An' I say to you, dat all dem wot indulges dare appetites and drinkitites eggstravagantly, makes it harder fur de 'dustrious nigga to git along. An' I say to you, who's got more'n nuff to lib on tru de winter, dat you harts is hard as your heads, ef you don't save de tree-sent pieces wot you gives Pete Smiff for whiskey, an' use 'em to help your poorer bredderen. Who dat I hear sayin' he must hab a drop o' suffin' to take de bad taste out ob de mouf in de mornin's? Tauk 'bout bad taste! Dare's nuffin' makes a wuss taste in de mouf dan tree cent whiskey!

"Now, here's whar I gwine to stop. But you recumlect wot I sed to you, and feller my adwice; an' soon you'll see dat de pon-broker won't hab a single ball left. He'll take down he sign, an' go up in de Fif' Avenoo, whare dar will be a better chance for him bime-by, ef your old Shephard kan see enny ting tru he spektikles.

"Take notis dat de sasser, wich was broke lase week, has been riveted togedder agin at Sam Jonsin's Blacksmith Shop, and will be cirkelated as ushual dis ebenin'."

THE SHANGHAI.—There has been "any amount" of sport made, of late months, of *Shanghai Fowls.* They seem to be losing much of their first popularity among us, like many another two-legged foreigner who has paid us a visit of honor, which ended very differently. The Shanghai is born in the world with an inordinate pair of legs, which thereafter continue to grow into regular drum-sticks of the longest dimensions. It is asserted, too, that although good "layers," they are very fond of devouring their own eggs. A Mohawk farmer, who has tried them thoroughly, expresses a by no means favorable opinion of the breed. He says their true name is *Shank-high,* and that they are rightly named: "They have no body at all, and when the head is cut off, the legs come right apart. I don't see how they can *set* upon their eggs—my jack-knife can set as well as they can. They don't sit on the roost the same as other chickens: not a bit of it! When they attempt to sit as other chickens do (they *straddle* the stick), they fall off backward!

"They sit when they eat, I know; for I've seen 'em do it; and I've seen 'em try to eat standing—but they couldn't 'fetch it;' for when they peck at a grain of corn, on the ground, they don't more than half reach it but the head bobs right between their legs, making them turn a complete somerset. I'd as soon see a pair of tongs or compasses walking about my yard, as these Shank-highs. They crow, too, a long time before day in the morning, when it isn't day; probably because their legs are so long that they can see day-light before the common chicken!"

NOT SO GREEN.—A young and apparently verdant slip, who gave his hailing place as "old Varmount," found himself surrounded upon a certain occasion, by a crowd of quizzing upstarts, who seemed bent upon displaying their own smartness, at the expense of the Yankee.

"Hello, Jonathan!" says one, "where are you bound?"

"Down to Bosting, on a little tramp," was the reply.

"What's your business in Boston?" replied the inquisitive gentleman.

"Oh, I'm down arter my pension money," responded the greeny.

"Pension money!" ejaculated whiskeree—"how much do you get, and what are you drawing pension money for?"

"Oh!" answered the countryman, "I get four cents every year—tew mind my own business, and tew let other folks' business alone!"

The crowd had no more remarks to offer—the answer was entirely satisfactory.

ONE OF THE ORATORS.—One of the most important members of the Democratic party, in a far western town, which shall be nameless, of whom it is said that he never finished a speech, sentiment, or sentence in public, without making a failure, in consequence of too ambitious a start, at a supper given in honor of General Cass's visit to that region, three years since, made the following *faux pas:* Rising in his place, and calling attention by a thump on the table, he exclaimed: "*The Democratic Party:* the idol of the people, the hope of the world, the temple of true patriotism; so long as its members are true to their trust, the malevolent vituperations of its hereditary enemies, the Whigs and Abolitionists, are—are"—(a long pause, the speaker evidently "stuck," and growing more confused every instant,) "are bound, gentlemen, (*pause,*) bound, gentlemen, to—*slump through!*" With which peroration he sat down, and wiped the sweat from off his streaming face.

ONE OF THE MAGISTRATES.—A correspondent in Ottawa county, Michigan, from whom we are always glad to hear, gives us the following "*Scene in the Mayor's Court at Grand Rapids,*" Mayor Church presiding. Witness called up to be sworn by the clerk:

CLERK—You do solemnly swear——

MAYOR (*with dignity*)—Stop! The witness will hold up his right hand.

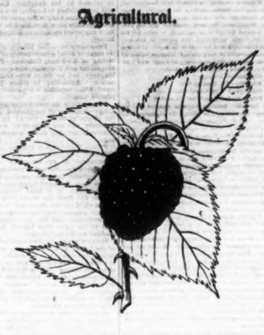
CLERK—The man *has* no right hand, your Honor.

MAYOR (*with some asperity*)—Let him hold up his *left* hand, then.

CLERK—He has had the misfortune to *lose his left hand also,* as your Honor will perceive.

MAYOR (*savagely*)—Tell him to hold up his right *leg,* then; a man cannot be sworn in this court without *holding up something!* Silence, gentlemen! Our dignity must be preserved! (Witness sworn on one leg.)—*Knickerbocker.*

Agricultural.



THE LAWTON BLACKBERRY.

This is a new and entirely distinct variety of the blackberry—the first improvement, we have reason to believe, which has ever been discovered or obtained of this plant. In the township of New Rochelle, New York, where it originated, not a single plant has been found similar to it growing wild, although all the common varieties abound there. Its size and quality do not depend upon careful cultivation, but wherever the common kinds will thrive, this may be had in perfection. It grows tall and upright, frequently ten feet or more in height; and the flower, leaf, and stalk being proportioned to the size of the fruit, and always healthy and free from blemish, it is an embellishment to the garden.

The stalks which shoot up from the roots during the summer, bear fruit the ensuing year, and die in the autumn. This natural arrangement for reproduction is most beautiful. The stalks, heavily laden with many hundred berries, would be exposed to the sun, ripen the fruit prematurely, and perish early in the season; but being protected by the new shoots, they continue to yield fruit daily for six or eight weeks.

DEEP CULTURE AND IRRIGATION.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Some persons suppose that the water used in irrigation must be poured upon the plant, or made to overflow it, or at least overflow the ground; whereas, the water should pass up through the soil by means of capillary attraction, thus supplying moisture in nature's own way, and in nature's own quantity. It is true that showers are beneficial on the *leaves* occasionally; but the greater portion of the water soaks into the soil, to be returned to the plant as it needs it by the capillary tubes.

I have a piece of ground of about two acres, on which I have been making some experiments the past season, having a stream of water from a *spring* passing through it. I ploughed the ground (which was sod) in May last, into lands ten or twelve feet wide, and *four furrows deep,* by throwing each successive furrow on the top of the last, thus placing the sod at the bottom and the mellow dirt on the top, and breaking it up near twenty inches deep. By the way, I think much of this mode of subsoiling, as mine was all done with one pair of small horses. The dead furrows or ditches between the different lands were cleaned out with the hoe, and were filled with water at such intervals as it has been found necessary during the summer for the purpose of irrigation. The water was not permitted to overflow or run off, but settled into the soil, and supplied the plants by capillary attraction.

The result has been very satisfactory. All kinds of roots are surprisingly large and beautiful; and notwithstanding the season has been so dry that nearly all the gardens in the town have been ruined with the drought, as well as many trees killed, still there are beets on these beds that will measure over two feet in circumference, and nearly as long, with carrots, parsnips and other vegetables in proportion.

One square bed of strawberries, set in hills eighteen inches apart, and transplanted about the middle of May last, produced more than half a bushel of berries that we kept an account of, besides what were eaten from the vines and destroyed by the birds. Some of the berries measured three and a half inches in circumference.

From one bed that contained nine square rods, or one-eighteenth of an acre, have been sold about $60 worth of vegetables during the summer. Besides, the *quality* of the vegetables has not been inferior to the quantity. Vegetables grown quickly, and without being retarded by drought, are far more healthy and palatable.

H. G. BULKLEY.

Kalamazoo, Mich. —*Ohio Cultivator.*

ORIGIN OF VARIOUS PLANTS.

Every farmer ought to be somewhat acquainted with the origin and history of all ordinary plants and trees, so as to know their nature, country and condition. Such knowledge, besides being a great source of pleasure, and very desirable, will often enable him to explain phenomena in the habits of many plants that otherwise would appear inexplicable.

Wheat, although considered by some as a native of Sicily, originally came from the central table-land of Thibet, where it yet exists as a *grass,* with small, mealy seeds.

Rye exists wild in Siberia.

Barley exists wild in the mountains of Himalaya.

Oats were brought from North Africa.

Millet, one species is a native of India, another of Egypt and Abyssinia.

Maize, (Indian corn,) is of native growth in America.

Rice was brought from South Africa, whence it was taken to India, and thence to Europe and America.

Peas are of unknown origin.

Vetches are natives of Germany.

The Garden Bean, is from the East Indies.

Buckwheat came originally from Siberia and Turkey.

Cabbage grows wild in Sicily and Naples.

The Poppy was brought from the East.

The Sunflower from Peru.

Hops came to perfection as a wild flower in Germany.

Saffron came from Egypt.

The Onion is also a native of Egypt.

Horseradish comes from South Europe.

Tobacco is a native of Virginia, Tobago and California. Another species has also been found wild in Asia.

The Grasses are mostly native plants, and so are the Clovers, except Lucerne, which is a native of Sicily.

The Gourd is an Eastern plant.

The Potato is a well-known native of Peru and Mexico.

Coriander grows wild near the Mediterranean.

Anise was brought from the Grecian Archipelago.

MOISTURE IN SOILS.

The goodness of a soil consists in an eminent degree in the power it has of maintaining a certain degree of moisture; for without this the plant cannot possibly imbibe aliment, no matter how abundant. Standing in a dunghill, without moisture, the plant will starve. In supplying soils with a due amount of water, it is indispensable that the earth to a considerable depth be in a condition to permit the tolerably free descent and ascent of rain water that may fall on the surface of the ground in the course of a year. By this mechanical arrangement, the earth to the depth of twenty or more feet becomes an enduring reservoir to hold water for the benefit of vegetation. The more protracted the drought, from a lower point in the earth will water ascend to meet the urgent wants of suffering plants. The supply may be insufficient, for the daily evaporation of water from the numerous leaves of large plants is estimated in gallons; but that fact does not invalidate the importance of the principle under discussion.

Without being saturated, a cubic foot of good wheat or meadow land will hold from twenty-five to thirty pounds of water; and a cubic yard (which is less than is usually allowed to a hill of corn) will hold from six hundred to eight hundred pounds of water.

Those who may take a special interest in the capacity of different soils to hold water, will find many facts bearing on the subject in an extended Essay on the "Study of the Soils," published in the Patent Office Report for 1850, and from the pen of the proprietor of the Genesee Farmer. Schubler has investigated this interesting subject with equal skill, industry and success.

Soils incapable of holding much water below the point of saturation, are hardly worth cultivating in this country that abounds in cheap and fertile lands. Open, loose gravel and sand, form soils of this hungry, worthless character. They need a good dressing of clay, if one would make them retentive of moisture and manure. Soils of the right physical constitution have the power to draw largely on the atmosphere for the elements of fertility; those which are either too compact and solid, or too pervious and open, are almost always barren, drawing nothing from the air, but giving to drying winds and washing rains all the food of plants they naturally possess in their virgin state, if too loose, and locking up such food forever, if too hard.

STATEMENTS BY PROFESSOR MAPES.—The gradual improvement of animals as well as plants, though contrary to the popular idea, is nevertheless indisputable. It is completely proved by the Elgin marbles, in which horses are sculptured of such a make as would not bring $50 to-day in the New York market. Men, too, must have improved. At the Eglinton tournament, a few years ago, the old armor taken down for the occasion was found to be altogether too small for the men of the day. Fruits and vegetables have equally improved. The present peach is the lineal, though much improved, descendant of a bitter almond, in which the ancient Persians used to dip their arrows to make them poisonous. The hybridation, or uniting into one kind, or two kinds of vegetables, and the improvement in some instances and deterioration in others, were described. The Professor adverted to the reclamation of lands; there is not an acre on this Continent that cannot be converted to the support of human life. The flavoring matter of *all* fruits is the *same;* the difference only depends on the different acids with which this matter is combined. The scientific horticulturist can, by different manures, produce from two trees of the same kind, fruits differing as widely as the cherry and the peach. All the waste of continents, carried out into the ocean by large rivers, is restored and made of utility—in oil, fish, shells, and other marine products. By a law of nature *nothing* is wasted; every particle of water, after doing service in one shape, is thrown into the natural laboratory and turned out again in the same or another form, to be again of use. By a computation made by the Professor, the quantity of peaches brought into New York city one week, exceeded that of all the fruits, of every kind, imported into Great Britain in one year. Some doubt the utility of applying to soil that fertilizer which an analysis of it shows it to want; but facts, of which the lecturer quoted several, decidedly show the reverse to be the truth. Not a month passes that there is not in the harbor of New York or Boston, a ship lading with bones for England; the result is seen in the decrease of American wheat, from 30 to 12 bushels per acre, and the increase of English from 11 to 43. Where a barren soil is found to be of the same constituent as a fertile one the barren one is not sufficiently pulverized to produce; this fact is an answer to any objections founded on such instances.

CURE FOR GRAPE MILDEW.—Mr. John Hayes gives through the English Gardeners' Chronicle the following cure for the grape mildew:

"Take ½ lb. of black soft soap, from 3 to 4 ounces of black sulphur, the same quantity of soot and quick lime, and add water sufficient to enable them to be worked with a paint brush. As soon as the vines are pruned, paint the wood well over with this mixture, rubbing it well into the rough parts with the brush. I have not seen the least symptoms of mildew since I have used it, either in the houses or out of doors, although we had plenty of it before the application was tried. This, therefore, may be worth the notice of vine growers in foreign countries, the ingredients employed being cheap."

For Housekeepers.

MOCK TURRAPIN.—A SUPPER DISH.—Half a calf's liver; season and fry brown. Hash it, not very fine; dust thickly with flour; a tea-spoon of mixed mustard; as much cayenne pepper as will lie on half a dime; two hard eggs, chopped fine; a lump of butter as large as an egg; a tea-cup of water. Let it boil together a minute or two. Cold veal will do, if liver is not liked.

APPLE JELLY.—Wash and cut the apples in two or three pieces, to see if there be any worms in them; put them in a porcelain-lined kettle, and cook until the apples are done; take out and strain the juice from them, and put them on the stove again, and boil until they begin to look dark; then add one-third as much sugar, by weight, and boil until they become a jelly; put it into cups or tumblers, and tie paper over the tops. This is excellent for making jelly-cakes.

INVENTION.—Mr. Arthur sent to the Fair of the Maryland Institute an "Air-tight Preserving Canister." It is thus described: It is a common tin canister, made with an annular trough, at the outside of the top, with a cover to fit loosely into it; this trough is filled with a very adhesive cement prepared for the purpose, and in order to close the vessel hermetically, it is only necessary to heat the cover slightly, and press the flange into the cement. It is well know that fruits and vegetables may be preserved in a fresh state for any desirable length of time by heating them up to a certain point, and then cutting them effectually off from contact with the atmosphere. The usual method of doing this is to solder them up in tin cans; but this process of soldering is out of the reach of housekeepers generally, and fresh fruits and vegetables are rarely put up by private families. But with the canister to which we are now calling attention, the whole thing may be done with so much ease that the ordinary process of preserving must to a great extent, be superseded by it. Butter may also be hermetically sealed and preserved from spring to winter.

CHILDREN'S EFFORTS.—"The day before the last Fourth of July," writes a Hudson correspondent, "our little George prayed as follows, before going to bed: 'Oh, Lord, *please* don't let it rain to-morrow, 'cause I want to fire off crackers.' Our little Katy, too, an innocent of some three or four summers, once offered up this supplication: 'Oh, Lord, bless my father and mother; and bless my sister Annie, who flounced my new frock, but 'Cud' (her cousin) made the button-holes!' *Apropos* of 'Little People,' here is another anecdote, which a correspondent heads, '*A Fact.*' A Sunday School teacher, in catechising her class, asked a little girl of some six summers: 'Have you been baptized?' She answered: 'Yes, twice; it was in this arm,' indicating her right; 'no, it was in *this,* (her left) *and the last time it hurt!*'"—*Knickerbocker*

The Olio.

GUTENBERG.—No fact in history is more teresting than the invention of the printi press by Gutenberg. It is ascribed indirec to the influence of religion, as is thus forth:—

"Gutenberg travelled alone, on foot, carryi a knapsack containing books and clothes, a mere student visiting the schools, or a jo artisan looking for a master. He thus w through the Rhenish provinces, Italy, Swit land, Germany, and lastly, Holland, not ve bent on object, like a man who lets his imagi tion wander at the caprice of his footsteps, carrying everywhere with him a fixed idea, unchanging will led by a presentiment. guiding star was the thought of spreading Word of God and the Bible among a vast n ber of souls.

Thus it was religion which, in this you wandering apostle, was seeking the soil whe to sow a single seed, of which the fruit h after was to be a thousand various grains. is the glory of printing that it was given to world by religion, not by industry. Religi enthusiasm was alone worthy to give birth the instrument of truth."

SIDE WINDS.—I have heard that a full w behind the ship drives her not so fast forw as a side wind—that seems almost as mu against her as with her; and the reason, say, is, because a full wind fills but som her sails, which so keep it from the rest, they are empty, when a side wind fills all sails, and sets her speedily forward. Wh ever way we go in this world, our affecti are our sails; and according as they are spr and filled, so we pass on swifter or slo whither we are steering. Now, if the L should give us a full wind and continued of mercies, it would fill but some of our s —some of our affections—joy, delight, and like. But when He comes with a side wind a dispensation that seems almost as mu against us as for us—then He fills our sail takes up all our affections, making His w wide and broad enough to entertain th every one—then we are carried fully freely toward the haven where we would —*Owen.*

A NICE YOUNG MAN.—The Home Jour publishes a letter from a female correspo in which the following passage occurs. Gotham aristocracy, we suppose, own thrice happy youth who wears the roses violets:

Mr. —— was in, just now, and told u last story about young ——, just retur from Paris. He has, it appears, two se embroidered shirts, one covered with roses, other with violets. On the occasion of wea either, he perfumes and pomades himself respondingly, with ottar gul on his hair mustache for the rose shirts; *violettes* for violet. The other night he was dressing f party, and having perfected himself *à la* sent in great haste to his laundress, who all of both kinds and had not brought th home as expected. The unlucky woman the only one that was done, and it chanc be violet! "I am dressed for roses, and they sent me violets!" exclaimed the poor yo sinking back exhausted on a sofa, "and I w go!" And he did not go!

THE PYRAMIDS.—They have stood thr ages the most stupendous monuments tyranny and oppression that were ever r by despots. Thousands perished in the quited toil of erecting them, and so inces were the oppressed people, that Diodoru lates that Cheops was not interred in his p tuid, but in some secret place, that his b might not be exposed to their insults. period when the pyramids was built wa garded by the Egyptians as a period of utt oppression and suffering. The people worn out by forced labors in the quarries at the pyramids, and the temples were cl that the celebration of the sacred rites, w occupied so large a portion of the Egyp year, might not draw off the people from th work. So strong was the hatred with wh their memory was regarded, that the com Egyptian was unwilling to name them, would gladly have thrown the odium of t erection on a foreign race.—*Portland T script.*

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGM

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My [illegible], was one of the seven wise m Greece.

My 6, 11, 30, 20, 10, 15, 5, was the scene of a great between the Persians and Grecians.

My 23, 2, 36, 19, 10, 31, 13, 29, was a Grecian ph pher.

My 25, 2, 21, 22, 13, was an Athenian Admiral.

My 6, 27, 19, 29, 4, 26, 33, was the last of the Maced kings.

My 34, 26, 16, 28, 12, 32, 26, 32, was a Roman G celebrated for his triumphs over Mithridates.

My 33, 30, 15, 29, 4, 19, was a great Roman wa orator and historian.

My 26, 18, 12, 30, 31, 30, 1, 29, was the younger a the great Constantine.

My 7, 28, 19, 9, 15, 33, was a warlike eunuc commanded the armies of Justinian.

My 19, 24, 9, 26, 29, was a name denoting the color hair given to one of the earlier British kings.

My 14, 5, 24, 23, 20, was one of the inventors of prin

My 17, 24, 11, 31, 22, 1, was the first maker of bowls.

My whole is a truth which the careful perusal of especially that part of it relating to the lives of men, will forcibly impress upon the mind of every

W. I.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 1, 23, 16, 19, 6, 29, 9, is a book in the New T

My 2, 3, 6, 29, was a son of Canaan.

My 3, 11, 25, was a high-priest of Israel.

My 5, 18, 12, 14, was a son of Adam.

My 7, 15, 16, 17, 29, was a town in Palestine.

My 8, 4, 11, 21, was a keeper of sheep.

My 11, 25, 26, 21, is a flower mentioned in the Bible.

My 12, 26, 13, 27, 7, was used in sacrifices.

My 16, 28, 7, 1, 2, 9, was a sister of Lazarus.

My 19, 20, 21, 22, 25, 1, 9, is a book in the Old Test

My 21, 10, 17, 6, 23, 7, was a Jewish feast.

My 24, 3, 12, 28, was the wife of Jacob and daught Laban.

My whole was an event mentioned in the bo Judges.

"GARNE

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

King Louis gave a splendid ball, within his palace wa
Thronged noble lords and ladies bright to hil the sta
halls;
There were the high-born and the brave, the valian
and good,
But noblest 'mid the crowd of knights the young
Roland stood.
And lovely ladies too were there, yet ev'ry one
The brilliant Lady Adelaide was fairer than the res
And when Count Roland took her hand, and joi
mazy dance,
Of all my First, they were the flower said each
glance.
He led the lady to her seat and whispered soft one
Yet to his tender, earnest suit, she coldly answered
The festive scene at length was o'er, and when the
departed,
Count Roland sought his lonely home, weary and
hearted.
And there he vowed in bitter tone, he could no
stay,
But he would seek a soldier's grave in regions far aw
My Second, born him far from France to holy Pale
To join the Crusaders who fought to gain the
shrine.
Among the soldiers of the Cross, there was no
knight,
His white plume ever waved amid the thickest
fight.
And troubadours in sunny France sang of Count R
fame,
Till even haughty Adelaide thrill'd at his honored
And when the army home returned, again he sought
side,
No longer now to be repulsed with cold and scorn
pride,
Ah! swiftly sped the days away, my Whole was qu
past,
And lovely Lady Adelaide was Roland's bride at las

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I see what the sailor calls his bass,
And what he calls his "grog;"
I see what he calls his "gold"—also
And what he calls his "prog."

Sellersville, Pa. S. M. I.

ALGEBRAICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Seven hundred dollars was divided equally among persons, their shares being in geometrical progre and the difference between the greatest and least bein the difference between the means as 37 to 12. Re the shares.

"GARNE

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between a flock of sheep the fold at night, and the words written in a le Ans—The former are penned up, and the latter ar ped down.

☞ When should a common manual laborer exp higher wages than the President of the United Stat Ans—When he's engaged for higher (hire.)

☞ When may a German baker be pronounced drunk? Ans—When he sleeps on his beer (bier.)

☞ Why is a vulture superior to the man who hi him? Ans—Because the vulture is a food counter, the man who cheats him is a tender (teeter.)

☞ When Shakspeare's mother wished him to a a thesis, what distinguished character did she hold forth him? Ans—William, Tell.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Brigadier Gen William Francis Small. ACROSTICALLY.— Emilie F. Carlen. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA University of Virginia. CHARADE—Pane. PI DLE.—Two of the widows are children of the third; child has two children, and the other one. PROBLEM 281 feet.